The Moteh

No. 917.-Vol. LXXI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1910,

SIXPENCE.



A SIGN OF UNMIXED BLOOD: THE PAGOH, A £300 HEAD DRESS WORN IN TIBET.

Our correspondent writes: "This is a picture of a Tibetan woman of the upper class wearing the Pagoh head-dress, which is ornamented with many turquoises, corals and small pearls, and is interwoven with the woman's own hair. The decorations can be removed fairly easily. This cumbrous affair distinguishes these women who are purely Tibetan and have not married Nepalese. The approximate value of the head-dress is £300."—[Photograph by W. C. Rose Meger.]



INVEST . ME . IM . MY . MOTLEY; GIVE . ME . LEAVE . TO . SPEAK . MY . MIMT "

Splendid News for Mothers.

"GORSE COTTAGE." "This is essentially a woman's movement, and it is to the women that our lectures will chiefly appeal. We want to deal with the health

question at its very foundation, and so we are going to teach the mothers of England how to rear and nurture their children that they may become strong and healthy citizens." I take these splendid, stirring words from one of my daily papers. It is, indeed, fine to know that the mothers of England are, at last, to be taught how to rear and nurture their children that they may become strong and healthy citizens. "Who," you ask, "are the gallant and glorious teachers?" "The Women's Imperial Health Association of Great Britain," I reply: "Name the leading members!" you beg. "Give us something more definite to worship!" I can only give you, friend the reader, as much as my daily paper in question has given me. The sentences that stand at the head of this Note are from the lips of Miss R. V. Gill, the secretary of the Women's Imperial Health Association of Great Britain. "A single lady!" you exclaim. "A single lady will take upon herself the responsibility of organising lectures that shall teach the mothers of England how to rear and nurture the children!" "So much the nobler!" I answer, gravely. "Besides, married ladies have so little time for theorising."

The Plan of Campaign.

Let us examine a little more closely into the proposed programme and methods of the Women's Imperial Health Association of Great

Britain. You might jump to the conclusion that the Association has in mind those poor, sickly, dirty little brats that one sees, day in, day out, in the streets of London. It is never safe to jump to conclusions. You would be absolutely and utterly wrong. The Association is going into the country in a caravan. It is going to deny itself the pleasure of making the London children cleaner and healthier, and will come to such pallid, squalid, benighted folks as ourselves. The van will be drawn up on the village green, and a lecture will be delivered to us from that post of vantage, illustrated with biograph pictures. And what will the biograph pictures endeavour to teach us? To keep our windows open day and night. Not to spit. To keep our mouths shut and breathe through our noses. To drink pure water. To eat slowly. To wash our bodies all over once a week. To take regular openair exercise. (The attention of field-labourers and gleaners will be especially drawn to this last maxim.) Well, we are waiting, eagerly, for our saviours. The Women's Imperial Health Association of Great Britain cannot come too quickly to my little village on the hills. Most of our children succumb at the age of ninety. Help, dear ladies, help!

"The Rights of Pedestrians."

I promised last week to deal with letters from two correspondents. The first is headed, "The Rights of Pedestrians." "At present,"

declares the writer, "they have none, though there is still no more healthy exercise anywhere. The pedestrian has to get quickly out of the way of every species of vehicle, from the heavy, lumbering, evil-smelling, unlovely, inartistic, noisy motor-omnibus to the tradesman's box on wheels, the latter driven by an impertinent boy, regardless of the fact that his box is not traffic. There is less and less attention paid to the crowds of walkers, who wait, with too much patience, for the policeman's uplifted hand. Then, on the pavement, boys and girls rinking, children on toy cycles, babies' carriages two abreast, sometimes standing all across the pavement, especially in the narrowest part of High Street, Kensington, while the nurses gaze into shop windows or gossip with each other. Worst of all, the enormous number of females, some males, dragging dogs by strings-dog on the kerb, his owner at the other side. Don't you think that some remedy could be applied?" Well, my dear lady, I set myself to solve this problem years ago. How would it be to allow admission to certain streets by ticket only, as at railway-stations? Failing that, I fear you will have to walk in the park or fly to the country. Wish I could do more for you.

The second letter comes from a lonely The Lonely "Bachelor Girl." "A year ago," she writes, "Bachelor Girl." "I took a small flat at the top of a large pile of buildings largely used by women workers in all branches of work. I furnished myself a cosy and pretty little home, and came to live here, full of love of London life and interest in things in general. I had not a single acquaintance, but that seemed only a trifle-then. A year has passed, the home is just as comfortable, and things are progressing favourably, but I have not a friend in the world except my mother in Cape Colony. My business is my own; consequently I can make no friends through that. My inclinations do not lead me to join the Suffragists. I do not approve their methods. What is a girl to do? This loneliness is terrible. At times I am forced to carry on conversations with myself to break the monotony." The remainder of the letter is far too pathetic, too "intimate," to print. What am I to say to this miserable "Bachelor Girl," friend the reader? It would be mere cant to advise her to visit the sick and tend those "more wretched than herself." When the day's work is done, she needs and deserves pleasure and companionship. I feel that I must, in this case, throw myself and my correspondent on the mercy of some kind lady-reader, who, through me, may be able to give invaluable advice.

Pity the Obsequious Cabman!

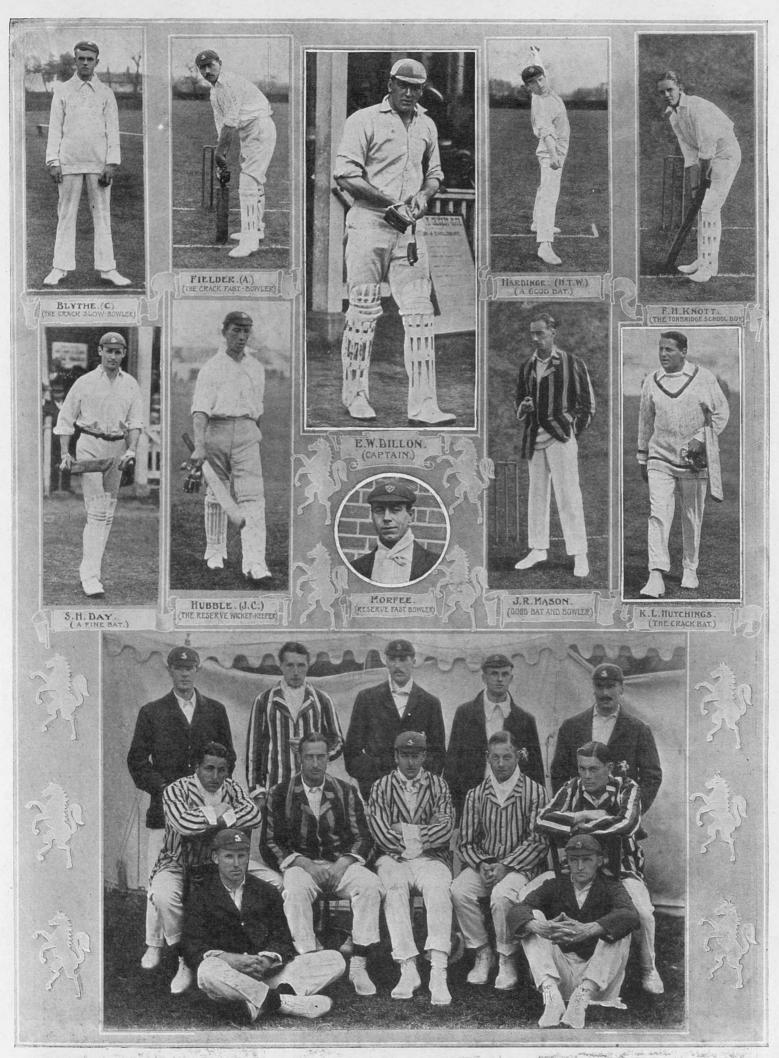
President of the London Cab-Drivers' Union; he is also a wag, a pet, and a nut. Pray silence for Mr. A. Smith on the grievances of the obsequious, cringing, half-starved drivers of taxicabs! "The companies seem to forget that all the money they earn is due to the brains of their drivers. It is the skill of the driver that brings in the money. There is a great art in finding the most likely spots to pick up passengers. The driver is in the same position as a fisherman, whose skill brings him in the fish." Precisely! Oh, you treasure of a President! Every Londoner will thank you for that just and striking simile! How often have we seen the dear little trout leaping from the water in order to catch the eye of the fisherman! How often have we seen the salmon standing on his tail by the side of the river, whistling, and whistling, and whistling for a rod and line! Doesn't your heart warm to Mr. A. Smith, friend the reader? "There is a great art in finding the most likely spots to pick up passengers." Why, to be sure there is. It takes years and years of training before the drivers discover that people come out of hotels and restaurants between eight and nine, and leave the theatres and music-halls at eleven. Such laborious brain-work cries out for lavish payments. Down with the mere owners.

Mr. A. Smith is a dear. Mr. A. Smith is the

I have drafted a few rules for the betterment For Mr. Smith's of the sad lot of the taxi-cabman, and venture Kind Consideration. to submit them to Mr. A. Smith-

- (1) No driver to be subject to the humiliation of police control.
- (2) In wet weather, all drivers to sit inside cab on knee of fare.
- (3) At end of journey, fare to hand purse to driver for selection of coins.
- (4) Taximeters to be abolished forthwith. Owner to accept small gratuity from driver at end of day.
- (5) Relations of drivers to ride free (as at present) without unkind comment from owner.

WEARERS OF THE WHITE HORSE: KENT, THE CRICKET CHAMPIONS.



(BACK ROW) Fairservice (W. J.), bowler; C. V. L. Hooman, bat; Woolley (F. E.), the first player for Kent to make root runs and take a hundred wickets in one season; Blythe (C.), bowler; Huish (F. H.), wicket keeper. (FRONT ROW) K. L. Hutchings; J. R. Mason; E. W. Dillon; D. W. Carr, the googlie bowler; A. P. Day, bat. (ON THE GROUND) Humphreys (E.), bat; Seymour (James), bat.

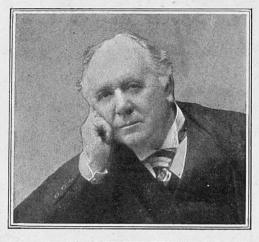
For the third time in the history of county cricket, the Kent team have won the proud position of champion county, for although the season of first-class cricket will not be over until the end of this month, they are already in such a position that they cannot now be deprived of the leadership. Up to Monday last Kent had played twenty-three matches, of which they had won nineteen, while two were drawn and only two were lost. The previous years in which the Hop County (its bowlers keep much too good a length for it to be called the "long hop" county) won the championship were last year and 1906. [Photographs by Sport and General, L.N.A., Illustrations Bureau, and Collis.]

CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY THE PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE AIRMAN WHO FLEW FROM PARIS TO ENGLAND WITH A PASSENGER MR. MOISANT. Mr. Moisant, a Chicago architect, flew from Paris to England last week on a Blériot monoplane, carrying his mechanic. As a protection from the cold, he wore a layer of Japanese paper over his clothes.

(Photograph by Sport and General.



WELL KNOWN AS PLAYWRIGHT AND PAGEANT-MASTER: THE LATE MR. GEORGE HAWTREY. Mr. George Hawtrey, brother of Mr. Charles Hawtrey, managed the recent Chester Pageant, the National Pageant of Wales at Cardiff last October, and that at Cheltenham two years ago. His best known work in play-writing was his adaptation, "The Pickpocket."—[Photograph by Debenham, Longman and Co.



MARRIED TO THE BARONESS VON ECKHARD STEIN: CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD WEIGALL. The marriage of Captain Archibald Weigall, son of Mr. H. Weigall, and the Baroness von Eckhardstein, only child of the late Sir Blundell Maple, took place very quietly last week.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



SCOTTISH GAMES DEFORE THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND: A HIGHLAND REEL AT THE HADDO HOUSE GAMES. The Scottish Games at Haddo House, Lord Aberdeen's Aberdeenshire seat, were most successful and were attended by a record number of people. To the Games were added flying by Mr. D. G. Gilmour, as well as poultry, dairy, and flower shows.



A WOMAN "FIREMAN": MLLE. YERMOLOFF, OF THE ST. PETERSBURG IMPERIAL FIRE SOCIETY. Mile. Yermoloff is the daughter of the former Russian Minister for Agriculture. She is a skilled "fireman," and has shown great bravery—[Photograph by Fuchs.]



PREPARE TO RECEIVE — SUFFRAGETTES? THE NEW POLICE BOX IN HYDE PARK. The box contains a telephone through whic's police in Hyde Park can summon aid should any disturbance take place at political meetings.—[Photo. by Glarma,



LORD ABERDEEN CONGRATULATING MR. J. A. PIRIE, WINNER OF THE HORNPIPE CONTEST. Lord Aberdeen, who, naturally enough, took the greatest possible interest in the Games, is here shown giving his congratulations to the winner of the hornpipe competition.

COOLNESS PERSONIFIED: BATHING - IN THE GERMAN MANNER



1. CIGARETTES AND CHAT: ON THE TERRACE AT WANNSEE, NEAR BERLIN.

2. BATHING - SUITS IN WHICH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SINK: BATHERS KEPT AFLOAT BY THE LINING OF THEIR CLOTHES.

The bathing suits shown in the second photograph have a special lining which keeps them and their wearers affoat. They are described as being strong and not cumbrous. There seems no reason why the safety-lining, which is the invention of a German, Herr Hartwig, should not be used for clothes to be worn by those travelling by sea

Photographs by C. Trampus and C. Hunich.

GAIETY THEATRE. — Manager, Mr. George Edwardes. EVERY EVENING at 8, a Musical Play, OUR MISS GIBBS. Box-office open to till 10.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Sole Lessee and Manager. At 9, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, by Oscar Wilde. At 8.30, "A Maker of Men," by Alfred Sutro. MATINEE WEDS. at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIANS. EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

WYNDHAM'S.—At 9. Mr. Charles Hawtrey's Co. in a New Farcical Comedy, THE NAKED TRUTH, by George Paston and W. B. Maxwell, At 8.15, "The Wiles of the Widow." MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3.

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"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing courtesy, and a clear straight which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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he Transit of Souls. John Henry Will-

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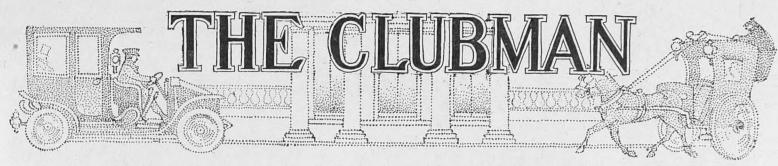
Leaves from a Garden. Author of "Leaves from a Life." 10s. 6d. net.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

> "Sketch" Editorial Offices, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



The one unfailing subject of conversation this year at Karlsbad is the all-round rise in prices. There has been a general advance, not only in Expensive Karlsbad.

the prices of rooms at the fashionable hotels, but in the rates charged at the more modest lodging-houses. For the same two rooms I occupy this year, and for which I pay seventy kronen a week, I paid but forty kronen in 1896. When I first visited Karlsbad the usual fee asked by all the doctors for the care of a patient during the three weeks of his "cure"

was the equivalent of three guineas.
Now some of the doctors ask "two guineas" for a single visit. The usual fee, however, for a man who goes to see his doctor instead of asking his doctor to visit him, is twenty kronen for the first consultation and ten for every subsequent one—a crown being the equivalent of a franc. If one is content to dine at the modest restaurants in the town, one still obtains a wonderful meal for three kronen, but the à-la-carte prices at the fashionable restaurants are now at Parisian Only the price of the roses remains the same. I used to give twopence for a rosebud every morning twenty years ago, and I pay the same price now.

The flower market at Roses and Karlsbad is a beautiful Gaberdines. sight, and of a morning the scent of the roses perfumes all the lower portion of the town, where the steamy little river flows past hospitals and bathhouses and the little stadt-park.
One picturesque feature of the town

which is disappearing, is the gathering of a morning of the Polish Jews, clad in their distinctive national garments. Hard by the stalls where the roses are sold, the elders of the synagogues used to sit, fine old fellows, in gaberdines and silk caps, with flowing beards and two long curls which hung one in front of each ear. The women-folk of these picturesque Hebrews also wore a distinctive handsome costume and much heavy gold jewellery. The Jews still crowd to the Jewish hospital, which is one of the

who propose to raise funds for this object are confronted by many difficulties. The church is, to all appearance, a most solid edifice, stone below and brick above, and it was thought that a few hundred pounds would suffice to pay for all necessary alterations and repairs; but when a competent architect had examined the building he reported that the necessary work would cost thousands and not hundreds of pounds. Many rich people of the Church of England hundreds of pounds. Many rich people of the Church of England go yearly to Karlsbad, but they are birds of passage only, and it is

difficult to interest them in the church of a town where they only stay for three weeks. Such a slice of good fortune as came to the organisers of the first building fund for the church at Karlsbad would

be very welcome now.

When, in the 'seventies, A Jenny Lind Concert. the project of building an Anglo - American church in Karlsbad first took definite form, the chaplain of the time, to stim-ulate the flow of subscriptions, called for volunteers to form a choir and to organise a concert. Willing helpers came forward, and the chaplain had a sufficiency of names for his concert when a quiet little lady in brown called on him and offered to sing. The chaplain explained to her that his list was already a superabundant one, but that if she would kindly give him her name, he would remember it should a vacancy occur. The quiet little lady said that, when she used to sing professionally, her name was Jenny Lind, and the chaplain nearly fell off his chair

and the chaplain nearly fell off his chair by far the strongest rival it had with astonishment and gratitude. A Jenny Lind concert to aid the church was advertised, and the great room of the Kursaal was packed to its fullest extent, a vast crowd, for which there was no room, standing outside the building, hoping to hear, through the open windows, the sound of the great prima-donna's voice. A lady who, had she been an Anglican, might have done for the English church of to-day what Jenny Lind did many years ago, Mme. Adelina Patti, has been in Karlsbad this summer; but,



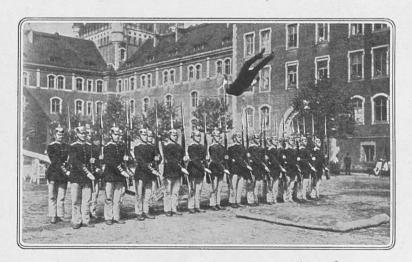


THE GREAT RACE ON THE ZAMBESI FOR THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD: ERNEST BARRY, CHAMPION SCULLER OF ENGLAND, WHO WAS DEFEATED (ON LEFT); AND RICHARD ARNST, OF NEW ZEALAND, WHO RETAINED THE TITLE.

THE TITLE.

The race took place on the Zambesi, about midway between this country and New Zealand, and the result was a win for Arnst, the holder of the championship, by seven lengths. The three-and-a-half mile course was covered by the winner in 20 min. 14 3-5 sec. Arnst said after the race that Barry was by far the strongest rival it had been his lot to meet.—[Photographs by Central News.]





SOMERSAULTING OVER FIXED BAYONETS: A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION, IN A BARRACKS AT BERLIN, BY HERR B. MÖHR.

flourishing charities of the town, but a round felt hat has replaced the silk cap, the men's curls are gradually disappearing, and a long black great-coat has taken the place of the gaberdine. The Polish black great-coat has taken the place of the gaberdine. The Polish Jewesses now resemble the other ladies of their faith all the world over. This merging of individuality has deprived the Karlsbad of to-day of some of its picturesqueness.

The great Catholic cathedral-church of Karlsbad The English lies deep in the valley, but on one of the hills Church. church. which border the vale of healing the gilded domes of the Russian church and the spire of the English one are very prominent features. The English church is, at the present time, sadly in need of restoration, and the members of the committee unfortunately, she belongs to another division of the great Christian Church.

Karlsbad is beginning to empty, and the sound Nearing the which heralds the close of the season—the beating of the mattresses before they are put—is already making itself heard. The Emperor Season's End. away for the winter—is already making itself heard. The Emperor of Austria's birthday marks the commencement of the final month of the Karlsbad season, and on that day the tradesmen of the town and their families begin to drink the waters, taking their three weeks' "cure" before going back to Prague or Vienna. The fourth week is occupied in packing up their goods, and by the middle of September Karlsbad seems to shrivel up into a dull little provincial town.



BY WADHAM PEACOCK.

PERCY'S SOCKS.

(To be fashionably dressed this autumn a man must avoid any article of dress which is at all conspicuous. . . The craze for coloured stockings among women has revived.)

Percy, I can pardon both the petulance and passion,
With which you rage against the inequalities of fashion.
Who is the authority, unkickable, elusive,
By whose decree your autumn socks are branded "unobtrusive"?

while women, on the contrary, are wearing coloured stockings.

With "arrow" and with "zigzag," and with other startling clockings.

Percy, will you suffer it, and meekly drop the glaring

And multicoloured style of dress you've

hitherto been wearing?

Up! Up! and we will pardon both your petulance and passion,
If only you are man enough to fight against the fashion.

Be careful, whenever we have a hot day, to dear little thing's feet hot, and, besides, cause him unutterable anguish by making him



The flat-porters having formally protested that they are porters in flats, the square-porters of London are going to take similar action.

A "wireless" has now been officially dubbed a "radiotelegram." The G.P.O. always takes the prize for the longest word.

Prince Tsai Tao, the Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese Army has cut off his pigtail. To understand this, think of the War Office burning its red tape.

German aviators are now forbidden to fly over towns and villages. An airman's progress in the Happy Fatherland is like an obstacle - race with

three pounds for knocking over

"Life would not be worth living if it were not for quarrels." From "Life from a Lawyer's Point of View," by Mr. Baggallay.

American women cannot love, we are told, because they have no pectoral momentum. pectoral momentum. That explains why only Dollar Princesses marry over here—because they are the only ones who can afford to buy pectoral momentums (or momenta) at the stores.

Tombs of women warriors, with war-chariots and all complete, have been discovered in Italy. There is nothing new under the sun—not even a Suffra-

By wearing several different-coloured veils the dear ladies hope to suggest the idea of

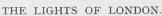
rainbow shrouded in a mist this autumn. This will need art, otherwise some of them may only suggest the idea of a gas-lamp in a fog.

Airships are, in future, to be made of wood. Now we shall

be able to sing, "Hearts of oak are our airships, Hearts of oak are our airmen," quite in the good old style.

"Fix on the tree you are going to climb, and determine to climb to the top," says the Bishop of Carlisle. But first of all square the farmer, the bull-dog, and the big stick waiting down below.

Banana-importers say that the withdrawal of the subsidy will not affect the trade in the least. Thank heaven! The banana - skin joke is still safe.





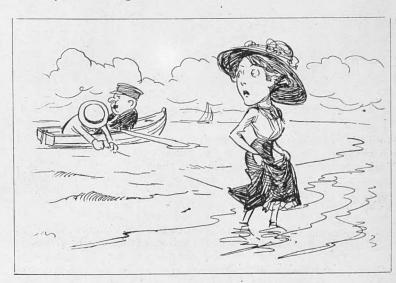
(A noisy, brilliantly-lit publicity surrounds the young London couple when "walking-out," But I am inclined to think that "courting" under such circumstances makes for happy marriages.)

Adown a long, unlovely,
And uninviting road,
With glaring gas-lamps lighted,
A courting couple strode.

The roaring motor-'buses And taxis rattling by Drowned all their gentle phrases With foul cacophon-y.

Oh, cruel Lights of London!
Oh, Lights of London Town!
Ye make for happy marriage,
But crush its glamour down!

Holiday - makers are rebuked for neglecting beach - fishing, that most fascinating branch of the gentle craft. Sportsmen who have hooked a paddler agree that the game is fascinating. but deny that it is gentle.



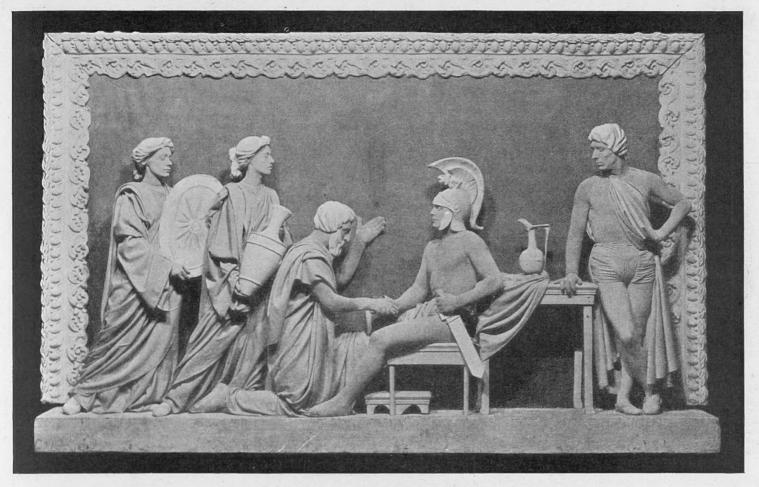


put on your doggie's sandals, and not his boots Boots make the unfashionable.

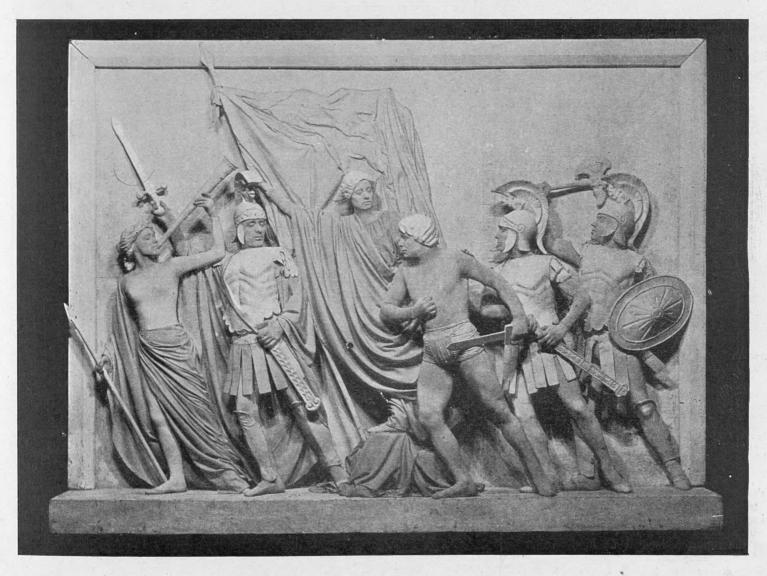


THE SKEIGH.

BAS - RELIEFS AFTER RUDE: MLLE. DE SERRIS' LIVING SCULPTURE.



"PRIAM AT THE FEET OF ACHILLES": BAS RELIEF BY RUDE.



"FORWARD": BAS - RELIEF BY RUDE.



JUDGING from an article in a leading daily, headed "the Humours of the Lanark Week," aviation sadly needs a humourist. The delighted writer tells that Mr. Radley was known as "The Rad," Mr. Küller as "The Killer," Signor Cattaneo as "The Cat"; that M. Blondeau and Mr.

YOUNGEST NEPHEW OF THE EARL OF WILTON: MASTER EDWARD TAYLOR. Master Edward Taylor is the second son of Mr. George W. Taylor and Lady Elizabeth Taylor (née Egerton), sister of the Earl of Wilton. Master Edward Taylor was born in 1907, and has one brother and three sisters, all older than himself. His father was formerly in the Coldstream Guards. Photograph by Rita Martin.

Other branches of the flying man's Wood." vocabulary are equally futile. Any schoolboy could do better than say he was "durying" when competing for the Duration of Flight competition, or that he was "speeing" when he entered for speed contacts. entered for speed contests.

Mr. Drexel and "Mr. Jones." Why any nick-names? Mr. Mr. Cecil Grace gets on quite well without one; but, they



BROTHER AND SUCCESSOR OF "THE FIREMAN EARL": THE NINTH EARL OF EGMONT.

The new Earl of Egmont succeeded to the peer-The new Earl of Egmont succeeded to the peerage a few days ago on the sudden death of his brother, who was for some years in the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. The new Earl was born in 1858, and was at one time in the Natal Civil Service. He married Florence, daughter of the late Dr. George Gibson, of Birtley, Durham.

Photograph by Eiliott and Fry.

the marvellous Mr. Armstrong Drexel. It is his nickname, and inevitable. Mr. Drexel, by the way, is not nearly so old as most of the reporters have made him. He has beaten all height-records well before his twentieth year. Mr. Loraine's self-chosen alias is as delightfully haphazard as "Chips," and does not seem even Colmore were christened, regardless of their complexions, "Blonde" and "Coal," and that Captain Bertram Dickson was known as "Sousa," "in reference to the custom of the dapper little officer changing hisclothes

two or three times during a day's per formance." As far as I know, it would have been as reasonable to "Nikisch" or "Mr.

if

they

must be

given,

are

least tiresome in the in-

consequent form that is

favoured among friends. No distressing ghost of a pun nudges one when

pun nudges one when "Chips" is called out after

THE NEW VISCOUNT ALTHORP.

HEIR TO HIS FATHER'S EARLDOM:

Viscount Althorp (formerly the Hon. John Spencer) now bears the title until recently held by his father, who has succeeded his late half-brother as Earl Spencer. The new Lord Althorp was born in 1892, and is the eldest of a family of three brothers and three sisters.

Photograph by Illingworth,

Lady Douro, like the Marchioness of Breadalbane and the Marchioness of Graham, is very clever and keen at deer - stalking, and often shot with her father in Glen

been a warrior of make-believe that one forgets he once fought in grim earnest. That was in the Boer War. At Glen Tanar, By the Mile. where Lady Douro has

joined her parents, there are thirty-five square miles of deer forest. These, together with eleven miles of river fishing, form but items

of an estate that recently illustrated, against the argument of Mr. Lloyd George's opponents, how easily land may be valued. Mr. George

Coats



OF A FAMOUS POLO - PLAYER : MASTER DESMOND MILLER.

Master Desmond Miller's father, Captain Edward Miller, of polo lame, was a guest of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall during the recent visit of the King and Queen of Spain. Captain Miller and the Queen of Spain won the Conundrum Race in the gymkhana.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

bought the property for £155,000, without any protracted calculations, both buyer and seller being content to arrive at a rigid figure, despite the elastic nature of the estate, or, at least, of its animal life, and future generations of its animal life. It was a case of buying grouse, salmon, and venison by the river, the forest, and the moor, instead of by the pound, the quarter, and the brace.

of the Pram.

The Power



NIECE OF A WELL-KNOWN GOLFER, AND ENGAGED TO MR. FRANCIS JACKSON: MISS FRANCES LAIDLEY. Miss Laidley, of Strathaven, St. Andrews, is a niece of the well-known golfer, Mr. J. E. Laidley. Mr. Francis Jackson, to whom she is engaged, is the eldest son of Mr. Walter Jackson, of Alice Dean, Swanley, Kent.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



DONOR OF £200,000 FOR AN ANGLO-GERMAN BENEVOLENT FUND IN MEMORY OF KING EDWARD: SIR ERNEST CASSEL.

Sir Ernest Cassel, who was an intimate friend of King Edward, has honoured his memory of King Edward, has honoured his memory by giving £200,000 to form an Angle-German Benevolent Fund for necessitous Britons in Germany and Germans in Great Britain. The King and Queen, the Queen-Mother, and the Kaiser and Kaiserin, will, it is said, patronise the scheme.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

Tanar before her marriage. Now she has distractions; her infant daughter is also in Scotland, and her perambulator (of one nursepower) is a vehicle of more importance than any of the 70 h.p. cars that can whirl her Ladyship away to the scene of a day's sport across the great estate. Her sister, Mrs. Lionel Walrond, is also of the family party.

PAIRED WITH BEN SAYERS - ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS.



No. V.—AN EX SOLDIER AND A FINE GOLFER: ANDREW KIRKALDY.

As we noted last week (under our page of illustrations of Ben Sayers), Andrew Kirkaldy is Sayers' favourite partner in foursomes, and shares with him the honour of being one of the two most interesting golfing "characters" alive. Andrew Kirkaldy was born in 1860. From 1879 (the year in which, for the first time, he was second in the championship), until 1887, he served in the 74th (Highland Light Infantry). He fought at Tel-el-Kebir. He was second in the championship in 1879, 1889, and 1891; third in 1895. He played for Scotland versus England in 1904, 1905, and 1907, and was selected in 1908.—[Photographs by Reinhold Thield.]

LTHOUGH King George is giving as much attention to the rod as to the rifle, the shooting season is proving a popular one, and birds are plentiful. The Duke of Devonshire, who last year was honoured by the presence of the King, as Prince of Wales, has provided good sport at Bolton Abbey for a party (including that fine shot Mr. Harry Stonor) very much like the one he gathered to meet his royal guest in 1909. The bag on the opening day of the present season amounted to 531 brace. The Cawdor Castle moors are again in good trim, and-Lord Stair's, at Lochinch

TO MARRY SIR KEITH FRASER ON TUESDAY (THE 30TH): LADY DOROTHY COVENTRY.

Lady Dorothy Coventry is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Coventry. Her younger sister is Princess Victor Duleep Singh. Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Castle, are well supplied with game. Mr. Charlie Hunter, on Lord Strathmore's rich Wemmergill moors, has been entertaining Lord Warwick, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Lord Essex, Lord Elcho, Lord Hyde, Mr. Wilfrid Ashley, and Mr. Francis Johnstone, and sport has

Queen Mary's Godchild.

been good.

The Queen has stood as godmother

to the infant son and heir of Commander Viscount and Viscountess Kelburn. The happy parents are well known to her, and Lord Kelburn made the tour of the world with the King and Queen when they journeyed in the *Ophir*. Travelling companions, it is said, if they fall not into enmity, have successfully put their friendship to the severest of tests. The only cloud upon the rejoicings at Kelburn Castle is the illness of Mr. Alan Boyle, the uncle of the infant who will, in due course, succeed to the Earldom of Glasgow.



TO BE MARRIED TO LIEUTENANT H. STRICKLAND, R.N. : MISS IDA WILLOUGHBY.

Miss Ida Willoughby is the third daughter of the Hon. Godfrey Willoughby, of the Green, Brompton, Yorkshire. Lieutenant Strickland, whom she is to marry on Wednesday next, has retired from the Nav.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

The TrvoCecilies.

Other relatives of Mr.

Boyle go about their pleasuresrather sadly. Miss Hunter Blair. who is to be married to Brigadier-General P. S. Wilkinson on the last day of the month, and the Countess of Cranbrook, who lends Hemsted Park for the wedding, both connected with the injured

aviator. The bride's father distinguished himself in the Army; her uncle Edward is in the Navy, and her uncle David in the Church—of Rome. He Catholic monk. Educated at Eton and Magdalen, Sir David Hunter-Blair, Bt., O.S.B., was captain in the Royal Ayrshire Militia before he joined the Benedictines. Lady Cranbrook is, like her



MARRIED OUIETLY THE OTHER DAY TO CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD WEIGALL: MRS. WEIGALL (FORMERLY BARONESS VON ECKHARDSTEIN), ONLY CHILD THE LATE SIR JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE.



OWING ALLEGIANCE TO TWO REPUBLICS: MRS. DUBOSC - TAYLOR.

Mrs. Dubosc-Taylor is a daughter of the late M. Dubosc, of Havre, an Officer of the Legion of Honour. Her husband is a son of the founder of the Jockev Club at Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO MR. SIDNEY G. HOWES, OF THE 21ST LANCERS: MISS VIDA HAY.

Miss Hay is the elder daughter of Mr. Charles W. Hay, late of Shanghai, and of Knowle Hill Park, Cobbam, Surrey. Mr. Howes is the youngest son of the late Mr. John Groome Howes and Mrs. Howes, of King's Cliffe, Wansford, North Hants, and

48, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

young friend, the bride-elect, a Cecily. Her brotherin-law also had a Cecily to wife, with a daughter of the same name.

Princess Victoria returned from " The Doctor." its "cure"; the Duke of Rutland has been valiantly coping with sciatica at Matlock Bath, while the Duchess entertained the Duchess of Sparta and the Italian Ambassador at Stancliffe Woodhouse; and Sir Luke Fildes is fast recuperating in South Devon. His surgeons have been particularly proud to pull him through so successfully, as there is a very kindly

feeling between the knight of the palette and the men with the forceps. His picture of the medical practitioner in one of his nobler aspects—as the aid and comforter of a poor and distressed household — has naturally endeared him in the profession. "Did

child the recover, Sir Luke?" was a question asked by a nurse, who had never been quite satisfied to leave the case just



TO MARRY LADY DOROTHY COVENTRY NEXT TUESDAY SIR KEITH FRASER, BT.

Sir Keith Fraser, of Inverinate, Ross-shire, was born in 1867. He was formerly a captain in the 7th Hussars, and served in South Africa in 1896-7, and in Mashonaland in 1897.

where the painter left it in "The Doctor," that may have found him at a loss for a sequel.

From Baroness to Mrs. Weigall, formerly known as the Baroness von Eckhardstein, is the only child of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, and she inherited from him £2,000,000 in trust. inherited from him £2,000,000 in trust. Captain Weigall's bride has lived a great deal at Woodhall Spa. During the last season of the late reign she entertained in town, giving a ball at which several royal

guests present. It is an interesting fact that

she is obliged by the terms of her terms of father's will not to spend more than ninety-six days of any year out of the United Kingdom.

To the visit-States. ing European will never be as familiar a figure in the streets of New York as the American



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT - COLONEL J. E. H. BALFOUR: MISS EVELYN GERARD.

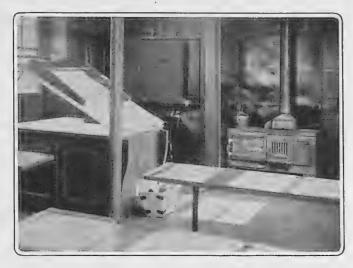
Miss Gerard is the second daughter of the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Gerard-Dicconson. Lieutenant Colonel Balfour, late of the 11th Hussars, is the eldest son of the late Mr. George Edmond Balfour, of Sidmouth

Manor, Devon. Photograph by Rita Martin

is in the Strand, but nevertheless the States are growing in favour as a touring-ground. The Landgrave of Hesse, after several weeks in Eastbourne, is going there, but is planning a strict incognito. Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide have just arrived in New York, and Lord Orford and Lady Dorothy Walpele are also gone to the land of clam chowder and corn on the cob.

1 OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!





THE PERIPATETIC SCHOOL OF COOKERY: HOW THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SAUCEPAN IS TAUGHT IN YORKSHIRE VILLAGES. In order to teach cookery to the little lassies in remote villages of Yorkshire, the Education Committee of the County Council have resorted to the peripatetic method. The left-hand photograph shows two travelling-vans, which, combined, form a complete kitchen: that on the right shows the interior of the kitchen.—[Photographs by W. G. P.]



THE FISHES' VIEW OF A LINER: THE CRYPT-LIKE SCENE BENEATH THE "OLYMPIA" DURING CONSTRUCTION.

This remarkably interesting photograph shows the scene beneath the new White Star Liner "Olympia," now in course of building, a point of view more familiar to the fishes of the sea than to the general public. Its appearance suggests some ancient crypt or a strange grotto, while the shoring rosts look like Norman pillars in an old cathedral. The "Olympia," which will be launched on October 20, is of 45,000 tons, and will, it is said, be the largest vessel of her kind.



STEAM-ROLLER PIE WITH A MACADAM CRUST: A STRANGE STREET ACCIDENT AT WIGAN.

The Cornish are said to put everything into a pasty—even the Devil, should he cross the Tamar—but Wigan has gone one better, judging by this photograph of a steam-roller, which fell through the crust of the roadway and into a hole 18 feet deep. It is thought that water flowing in an old surface mine had hollowed out the soil.—[Photograph supplied by G. H. Hibbotl.]



GETTING TOO MUCH OF HIS NAMESAKE: A MONSTER SUN-FISH DRIVEN ASHORE BY SHARKS NEAR SYDNEY.

This giant specimen of a sun-fish (so-called from its almost circular form) was driven by two large sharks into shallow water in Bondi Bay, Sydney, and was hauled ashore by thirteen fishermen. It is said to be the largest of its kind yet caught, being 10 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 3 feet thick. Its weight was 30 cwt.

*Photograph supplied by G. Walton.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Our Acting. Of late, many people who write about the theatres, professionally or otherwise, have been making what might almost be called stock charges of incompetence about our players; there have been articles which suggest that masterpieces have for years been held back because there are no players able to represent them, and that the long-run system has killed acting in England, and so on. There is, I believe, little truth in this kind of statement. We certainly see many bad performances, but also many that are

good; moreover, in a large number of cases the bad performances are due to bad casting and to bad stage-management. That we or any nation possess half-a-dozen players of genius I do not pretend, nor could one say that it is easy to find quite satisfactory casts for poetic drama or serious tragedy. Nevertheless, there can be found in our theatres abundance of admirable artists. One of the humours and tragedies of modern theatrical history has been the fact that some artists of fine quality, some artists of fine quanty, soon after the public recog-nition of their gifts, have been converted into managers, and then have shown utter incapacity in their new character, and either been driven out of London or have dragged on an unsuccessful career in town producing a series of worthless plays in which, owing to the lack of control by effective stage - management, they themselves have given indifferent performances. One of the best arguments in favour of establishing a national theatre is the hope that, by means of it, there will be a smaller waste of acting talent than at present is taking place. A striking phenomenon of modern times is the sudden discovery of talented new players, who, in fact, are comparatively old hands getting their first real opportunity of distinction. Goodness knows how numerous are the cases where the unhappy player never gets a chance at all. I know there are many. It happens not rarely that in one of the non-

are many. It happens not Opera. Her career prom rarely that in one of the non-commercial enterprises, seldom attended by managers or their representatives, unknown players do brilliant work, and then slip back again into obscurity.

Some Hits This Season.

However, my real object merely was to write a few words concerning some of the excellent performances given during this season by players who have not yet reached the dignity of being managers. For instance, Miss May Blaney suddenly startled playgoers by her excellent performance as heroine of "The Little Damozel." I believe that she has been on the stage a substantial length of time. I have seen her acting admirably, before Mr. Monckton Hoffe's clever play was produced. Miss Christine Silver has made two hits, one in "Don," the other in "The Speckled"

Band," though in neither had she an opportunity of showing the gifts for comedy and farce that she has displayed elsewhere. Miss Helen Haye had a triumph in "The Way the Money Goes," and was wisely engaged by Sir Herbert Tree, for whom she represented the Queen in "Hamlet" very finely. Miss Dorothy Dix, after acting excellently in "A White Man," played the lead in "The Strong People" with considerable power and in excellent style. The comparative failure of this able, interesting play was one of the curiosities

of 1910. The talents and the strange personality of Miss Mona Limerick rendered her performance in "The Tinker's Wedding," quite noteworthy. Miss Maire O'Neill, in "Deirdre of the Sorrows," showed that the Irish Theatre possesses a poetic actress of high quality; she is also possessed of great humour. Last, and assuredly not least, the Viola of Miss Neilson-Terry, and her Priscilla, have taken the town by storm and made the future of the young actress, who starts under such favourable circumstances, a matter of great moment. It will be observed that, for obvious reasons, I have excluded all actresses who have taken any part in London management. A word of praise must be added concerning the beautiful performances of Miss Henrietta Watson and Miss Linden in "The Visit."

Some Clever Young Actors. Among the young er actors, the most noteworthy has been Mr. Charles Maude, finely humorous in "The Madras House," charmingly poetical in "Prunella," admirable in several other pieces. Certainly the performances of Mr. Dennis Eadie have been quite as great in quality, and he, of course, was better known at the start. I should not like to contradict those who regard him as the most valuable artist possessed by our stage. Mr. Lyn Harding, a talented actor of quite a different type, has had triumphs in "Mid-Channel" and "The Speckled Band." The Speckled Band." representations of the season has been Tylo the dog, most beautifully represented by Mr.

One of the most popular representations of the season has been Tylo the dog, most beautifully represented by Mr. Ernest Hendrie in "The Blue Bird." It is to be hoped that Mr. Robert Loraine's soaring ambition will not result in a broken neck, since our stage could ill afford the loss of such a brilliant player, whose most valuable achievement this year was in Mr. Maugham's successful comedy, "Smith." It appears that Mr. Gerald du Maurier is to become a manager. Of late, fortune has compelled him to exhibit his remarkable gifts chiefly in commonplace pieces. One may hope that as manager he will be able to use his talents in doing greater service to drama. Mr. Clifton Alderson, thanks to the Stage Society, was able to give us a remarkable character-study in "Points of View."



PLAYING SADIE IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS," AT DALY'S:
MISS BEATRICE VON BRUNNER.

Miss von Brunner is a charming young actress hailing from Boston (Mass.). She has taken up the part of Sadie in "The Dollar Princess," at Daly's. In New York she has danced at the Metropolitan Opera House; and at Boston she has danced at the Opera. Her career promises to be particularly bright.

RUNNING, JUMPING, AND PUTTING - THE - WEIGHT FACES: "ATHLETIC EXPRESSIONS."



- 1. DURING A HUNDRED YARDS SPRINT.
- 2. COMPETING IN THE LONG JUMP.
- 3. FINISHING A TWO HUNDRED YARDS SPRINT.
- 4. AT THE END OF A TWO MILES RACE.
- 5. PUTTING THE SHOT.
- 6. ENGAGED IN A HUNDRED YARDS SPRINT.

Our photographs show the expressions of some famous American athletes during strenuous moments of the life competitive, and provide remarkable examples of what we may term the athletic expression.—[Photographs by Paul Thomson.]



THE EVOLUTION OF MR. R. G. KNOWLES.

To the evolution of that vital, forceful, humorous, and strong personality which we all applaud as R. G. Knowles of the grotesque coat and hat, the eccentric trousers, and the quaint collar, many forces have contributed. Speaking of the latest manifestation of his talent, which has been widely seen in America, but not yet in England—his travel lectures, which he calls the "R. G. Knowles Travelaughs"—one of the leading New York

papers described him as "possessing the descriptive ability of an Ingersoll, the force and eloquence of a Beecher, allied to the humour of Mark Twain," and no one felt that the terms were exaggerated.

The "Travelaughs" will be the

The "Travelaughs" will be the Knowles pièce de résistance in the future, but he will still return, at odd times, to the variety houses, for, as he puts it, "things will be certain to force me back." Mr. Oswald Stoll was the latest "forcer" to cause him to emerge into the glare of the Hippodrome footlights.

But for the exuberance of his animal spirits, Mr. Knowles might still have been on the regular stage, to which he migrated after he had been in Haverly's Minstrel show and on the music-halls.

As a matter of fact, he was a member of Mr. Augustin Daly's company in its palmiest days, when, in addition to the incomparable Ada Rehan, it included Mr. John Drew, the late Mr. James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mr. Charles Leclerq. He played character - parts, and when

bert, and Mr. Charles Leclerq. He played character - parts, and when "As You Like It" was produced, he acted Corin. He was regarded as the enfant terrible of the company, and was blamed for every joke perpetrated in the theatre. He was always willing to "stand for" any that he originated, but he objected to fathering those of other people. And it was a joke of someone else's which caused him to sever his connection with Mr. Daly. While the Shakespeare comedy was running, a modern play, "A Priceless Paragon," was put into rehearsal, and Mr. Knowles

was cast for a very fine part. As a practical joke, neone purloined the someone manuscript part of one of the other actors. "That's Knowles," said everybody. But for once everybody was wrong. At the next re-hearsal, when the actor did not have his part, the matter, naturally, came to the notice of Mr. Daly. The stage - manager suggested that a search should be instituted among the actors to discover who had the missing manuscript. The next moment he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out the missing part. Mr. Knowles yelled with triumphant joy. Mr. Daly looked up reproachfully. Presently, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Drew beckened Mr. Knowles to where they were standing, and he had to explain the cause of his mirth. In turn, they roared

with laughter. Again the reproachful eyes of Mr. Daly fell on Mr. Knowles. He sent for Mr. Knowles, and, after expressing his displeasure, said he would have to punish him. The punishment was to take the form of withdrawing the part in "A Priceless Paragon." "Very good,"

said Mr. Knowles, "you may as well have back the part in 'As You Like It' and my contract with you at the same time." Mr. Daly—later—sent his manager to suggest that Mr. Knowles should withdraw his resignation, but he refused, and the next week he was telling stories at the best music-hall in New York!

Knowles. In this piece, Mr. Knowles had to make a rapid change of costume, and it had to be eccentric. He remembered that his mother, a

lady of Scotch descent and habits, had her grandfather's wedding-coat safely locked away in a chest, and,

as it was exactly what he wanted, he annexed it. The trousers he saw on

an old farmer who was driving a cart into Indianapolis with a load of vegetables. The garments were worth, perhaps, half-a-crown, but the farmer

was even cleverer at driving a bargain

than a team of horses, for he screwed the price up until he had been taken to a tailor's and rigged out with a new suit of clothes. The high collar

was a freak of fate, and the hat an inspiration. The suit never failed to make every audience sit up with

amused attention the moment Mr. Knowles appeared in it during the tour, which extended from New York

to San Francisco and back again. At

the end of the tour Mr. and Mrs.

Knowles were married, and came to

Then he was engaged to play the comedy part in a musical comedy called "A Pair of Jacks." The leading lady of the company afterwards became Mrs.

A MOTOR THAT SUGGESTS APPARATUS FOR A TRICK CYCLIST OF THE STAGE: A NEW AUTO-TANDEM.

This photograph of a new auto-tandem certainly suggests that the device might be an excellent piece of apparatus for the up-to-date trick cyclist. In point of fact, it is a serious invention, designed for ordinary use. Most favourable reports have been made about it, and there seems little, if any, reason why it should not be popular upon the road—[Photograph by Topical.]

Dondon for their honeymoon. The opportunity offered for him to appear at a music-hall. He took it. Wanting a grotesque costume, he thought of his get-up in the play, and decided to use it, and his success was so great that, although he meant to return to America to take up his work there after the summer, he remained in England for ten years and a half. And that's the story of the evolution of the now famous Knowles make-up. Since those ten years odd he has practically divided his time between

the two countries. For the future, however, he will pay occasional visits to London, but will live in New York, for he is building a new theatre in the Bronx division of the city.

The new theatre will lean to the side of smallness, so that the audience may follow the most delicate acting. It will have a stock company of good actors to produce dainty short plays in addition to the regular variety acts. Pictures will form a prominent part of the pro-gramme, which will always contain an item by Mr. Knowles himself, dealing with his travels. At regular intervals he will give his "Travelaughs," which deal with the best features of the countries he and Mrs. Knowles have visited. They will be his contribution to the education of the children of the city, who will be admitted at cheap prices, as he hopes by this means



A CIRCUS ELEPHANT ON HER WAY TO HOSPITAL: "TILLY" CONVEYED TO THE "VET." ON A MOTOR-TRUCK.

Our correspondent writes: ""Tilly," the big elephant of the John Robinson Circus, which weighs four tons, strained one of the tendons of her left front leg whilst pushing a heavily loaded waggon out of deep mud at South Bend, Ind. Bandages and liniment were immediately applied, but the swelling rendered expert attention necessary. No veterinary surgeon was available at this place, so a motor-truck was procured and the elephant transported some eight miles to the veterinary's hospital."

Photograph by Shepstone.

to help to produce an international entente between the rising American generation and the rest of the world. The idea of these "Travelaughs" originated with Mrs. Knowles, and they have been a great success wherever they have been given.

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COURSE BOY!



UNCLE JOHN: Well, I don't call that a bad dinner for three-and-six, do you? His Sturdy Nephew: Not so dusty, was it? Let's have another.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

"WHERE THERE AIN'T NO TEN COMMANDMENTS"—THE REAL EAST SEEN THROUGH HEATHEN EYES.

T was apparently by some kind of hypnotic suggestion that the old heathen priest, in the author's reverie, called up before his eyes, as he revisited the Far East in imagination, some of the games of the Little Gods.* These hypnotic

interviews, so he dreamed, took place in an ancient temple, "in a gray Walled City which was old when History was young." "Inside the cell I saw an old, old man, a priest, though but a heathen one, half-reclining on a hollowed slab of stone. . . . Suddenly, I knew why I had come. 'My father,' I said; though he was but a heathen, 'I want to see Life through your eyes.'

"'I will tell you first [the priest said] of the Game of the Little Gods, and then you shall see Life through my eyes.' . . . 'The Great God created us men in His own image and soon found us, as objects of his constant contemplation, distinctly wearisome. If he could have laughed, it would not have mattered much, but Amusement is beneath the ken of a Great God. . . . And so,' drawled my heathen tutor, 'the Great God, at last, in self-defence, created some Little Gods to take charge of the everyday affairs of men. So far as they are gods, of course, these Little Gods are eternal impartial. . . . But so far as they are Little, and not Great, they are capable of Amusement. And so,' said he, 'those lucky Little Gods while away eternity by playing games wherein we men are counters.' . . . 'My son,' said my old heathen priest, 'go and see for yourself. This is the hour when I take one of my naps. See for yourself.'"

Then, as it were, in a dream within a dream, or rather, as it turns out, in waking

visions of memory, the old priest's visitor finds himself amid various scenes of tragedy, comedy, and farce, where East and West have come in contact. Such is the setting of eleven brilliant stories, some of which draw as vivid a picture of the American soldier among his "little brown brothers"—and sisters—in the Philippines, as Kipling ever drew of Tommy Atkins in India, while others describe with equal distinctness the dalliance of Western sailor-men with little ladies of Japan, or the life of the engineer or the trader in Eastern islands.

These tales are the outcome, obviously, of no superficial impressions. They are instinct with local sentiment: they bear the unmistakable stamp They are instinct with of actuality, and the reader is made to feel that he is breathing the very atmosphere of the East.

There is poignant tragedy in several of the stories, the sort of tragedy which invariably results from dealings with barbarous peoples. "Fagan and Patricia followed the Trail steadily but leisurely, day after day. . . . And the keen-eyed men walked with

them, unseen, frisking along above them over ground where others would have crept-short, hugelimbed men . . . who brought their sweethearts hideous dowries of human heads. . . . One evening as they camped, Patricia missed a little bundle of venison and strolled back along the Trail to look for it. Fagan kindled the fire, and then strolled back, too. . . . The forest was silent. He turned a bend in the Trail, and there — Fagan gazed at it stupidly... 'Come out,'

THE MOST DECORATED WOMAN IN THE WORLD WEARING HER £10,000 WORTH OF MEDALS: MRS. TODD HELMUTH, OF NEW YORK, WHO IS A MEMBER OF A HUNDRED CLUBS.

Mrs. Todd Helmuth, of New York, can claim to be the best-known clubwoman in the world. She is an honorary member of no fewer than one hundred clubs, and at times wears the medals of each on a broad sash, in the manner shown in the accompanying photograph. It is estimated that the financial value of the various insignia with precious stones amounts to nearly £10,000. No other woman in the world has been so honoured. The medal which Mrs. Helmuth most treasures is that of the Sydney (Australia) Women's Club, which is seen at the bottom of the sash.

he moaned, 'come out wheah I can see you. Come out, you cowards, you sneakin' dogs that kills women from behind.' There are happenings even more tragic than this in some of

the other tales, but comedy and farce also have

place in the games of the Little Gods, played

with human counters.

The vagaries of American Tommies out on leave in Manila provide comic relief in abundance in two stories called "A Little Ripple of Patriotism" and "The Superfalous Man." The patriotic ripple emanated from Terry Clancy, who, with his boon companions, Schleimacher (alias Sly) and "Pontoons"—the engineer suggest a not inappropriate comparison with Private Ortheris and his friends in "Soldiers Three." The "little ripple" occurred in a theatre, where Terry's patriotic wrath was aroused by a play in which Americans came off second-best, and insults were offered to the Stars and Stripes.

"The Engineer and me had one of Terry's arms, and Schleimacher was tryin' to keep a hand over his mouth and not get bit. talk he was tryin' to make was shockin'. But we held him all right till th' Americans was lyin' round the stage, picturesque and dead as hell. An' then th' little girl grabs the flag. . Sure enough, she spits on it an' tosses it to th' floor, and then-well, Terry brushes the Engineer and me out of his way, and steps up on the edge of the box and makes his little speech. 'Boys!' he yells, 'remember Balangiga an' th' rest of th' tricks they've played us! That's th' flag,' and he hops down to the floor. . . . Just when he reached th' musicians, the curtain came down; but he picks a fiddler, fiddle and all, and tosses him into th' rotten old cloth like a sack of beans, and goes through th' hole after him."

By the time the reader is through the book has made a firm friend of the American soldier, who is seen at his best in such a story as "An Optimist." The disadvantage of mixing colours in marriage is the subject of "Where There is No Turning." The last story in the book—"McGennis's Promotion"—which tells how the said McGennis, Deputy Supervisor, sacrificed ambition to sentiment, is, perhaps, the most taking of all-a fact which the author has apparently realised, since he gives it the place of honour among the illustrations.

It is noteworthy that in his Epilogue the author is not quite so partial to the East as in

his Prologue, but he is not quite fair to himself when he says that "these stories are far from pleasant." Some of them are passing pleasant. If others are a little gruesome, that must be put down to the "Little Gods" The stories, Mr. Thomas concludes, "are true.

Each of them was taken raw from Life. The people are no puppets of my imagination; there is no bit of tragedy or comedy written here that some man or woman has not lived. Whether you accept that old heathen man's hypothesis of Little Gods or not, you have looked on at Games which were played by Some One, or by blind Fate. The East you have seen is the real East, stripped of its glamour and its colour, a land where nothing is sacred, where there are indeed no Ten Commandments—no Commander, it seems sometimes—a land of uncertainty and empty Fatalism."



TRAVELLING-COMPARTMENT AND TOILET-BOX IN ONE FOR MY LADY'S PET: A "CASE" FOR THE DOG.

The travelling-box is covered with morocco, and space is found for articles necessary to the pet's toilet—soap, hair-brush, tooth-brush, wash-basin, comb, and flask of scent.—[Photograph by Delius.]

^{* &}quot;The Little Gods: A Masque of the Far East." By Rowland Thomas. Illustrated by Charles Sarka. (Stanley Paul.)

WEEL! WEEL! - AND WOE! WOE!



MR. O'GILVY: How's Donal' the day, Mrs. McCrabb?

WIDOW McCRABB: He's deid!

MR. O'GILVY: Did he no say onything about you were put o' paint I lent him?

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



"TO BE BURNT UNOPENED."

By DEREK VANE.

"TO be burnt unopened," that was what he read on the little packet, done up in plain white paper and sealed at each end, which he had just found in a drawer in his wife's writing-table. "To be burnt unopened."

He looked at it in some surprise, wondering what it meant—what it contained. He had not even known that the little drawer existed in which he had found it; he had touched a secret spring by chance, and the drawer had flown open. It held only this little sealed packet, with those four words in his dead wife's handwriting. There had been such complete love and confidence between them that Cassilis wondered he had never heard of this secret receptacle, that Felicity had never spoken of the packet she had hidden away in it.

"To be burnt unopened." Cassilis sat staring at the paper, reading the words mechanically over and over again. Why? Felicity had had no secrets from him. Why should she make such a point of nobody seeing what was in it, not even himself? Stirred by a sudden impulse, he took up the little packet and pressed it. It yielded more or less to his touch, there was nothing hard or solid inside, it felt like a packet of letters. Realising what he was doing he put it down sharply. What right had he to pry into what was not intended for him—more, into what she had wished to keep from him?

There was the sting.

That she should not have felt and known that everything she had was safe in his hands! That she should not have trusted him completely! It hurt He tried to put the thought from him, but it was not so easily dismissed; it grew in pain and intensity as he sat there, with idle hands, arrested suddenly in his task. It was less than a month since he had stood by her open grave, knowing that the best of his life was buried with her, and thrown a great handful of loose roses—her favourite flower—down on the white coffin. He had shuddered as he heard the thur of hard brown earth that followed. What had such horrors to do with her? She who was so fair and sweet and young, who had never found a day too long, who had loved the wind and the sun. What had she to do with silence and darkness and that load on her breast?

The days that followed had passed in a nightmare of pain and supplication and rebellion. It was intolerable, mind and body were in torment, he craved for a little-respite, for a breathing space in which he might gather up his strength; the dull agony pressed him down to the ground—it was too heavy to be borne. Slowly it lifted, until, reluctantly, he took up his life again, knowing that, maimed and broken though it was, it must still be lived.

To-night he had braced himself to look through her letters and papers. It was an odd little jumble—the collection of a girl hardly out of her 'teens. His eyes smarted, and he clenched his teeth as he took up one trifle after another and laid it on the fire he had lit. There was no good in keeping them; the sight of them would be like a knife in his heart every time. Better destroy all her little girlish treasures than risk their falling into hands less tender than his. So letters, ball-programmes, photographs, smart little diaries, begun with much pomp and ceremony, and ending in a few weeks, were consigned to the flames one after the other, until the desk stood bare and empty. It was in pulling out the drawers to see that he had not overlooked anything that Cassilis had touched a secret spring and found—that.

It stood by itself, mysterious, almost sinister in its suggestion. It had nothing in common with the girlish trifles he had destroyed. It was labelled and sealed as though it held an important secret.

Why had Felicity never mentioned it? He would never have suspected her of a secret, she was so frank and careless and untroubled. She was friends with all the world. He remembered he had tried to lecture her once or twice on her careless habits, on the way she left things lying about, but it had not had much effect. And yet she had been careful enough in one instance, at all events. She had hidden this packet away where it would never have been found in her life—where it was only a chance that it was found after her death.

What did it mean?

In spite of himself, of his love and trust in his dead wife, Cassilis grew a little restless. Felicity was so young and tender-hearted: had anybody dared to trade on her goodness? Had she been drawn into something against her will—something that she did not like to disclose even to him, of which, in her innocence, she had probably exaggerated the importance? That was the only feasible explanation. That she had kept anything from him that concerned herself alone was absurdly improbable. He knew her candid nature; she had spoken out every thought as it came.

He took up the packet and put it in the grate with the rest. But the fire was burning low, dull with the ashes of the things it had consumed, and the tightly tied packet lay on it, smouldering slowly. A languid flame crept round it, burning the wrapper and disclosing the contents. They were letters, as Cassilis had conjectured. They burnt so slowly, the fire seemed so reluctant to take them, that Cassilis took up the poker to press the packet down among the hot coals. He wanted it done with and out of the way. It jarred on him.

As he touched the letters they fell apart, and, in his attitude of stooping over the fire, he could not help seeing the page that faced him. Before he realised what he was doing he had read a line. . . . The next moment he snatched the sheet from the flames and fell back in his chair, white and trembling, the paper crushed in his hand. His heart was beating tumultuously, there was a sound like rushing water in his ears, he could hardly see. When he had recovered a little, his first thought was to save the rest of the letters, but by this time they were beyond saving. Only a few charred fragments remained, which crumbled up as he touched them. He turned eagerly to the sheet he held, smoothing it out carefully. He had no scruples about reading it now. His blood was on fire; he could not think or reason. Everything was in a mad confusion.

When he had read the letter he let it drop from his hand to the ground as though it had stung him. He sat quite still a minute, staring into the shadows with empty eyes, caught in a blind agony of pain. Then his head dropped on his hands, and he hid his face.

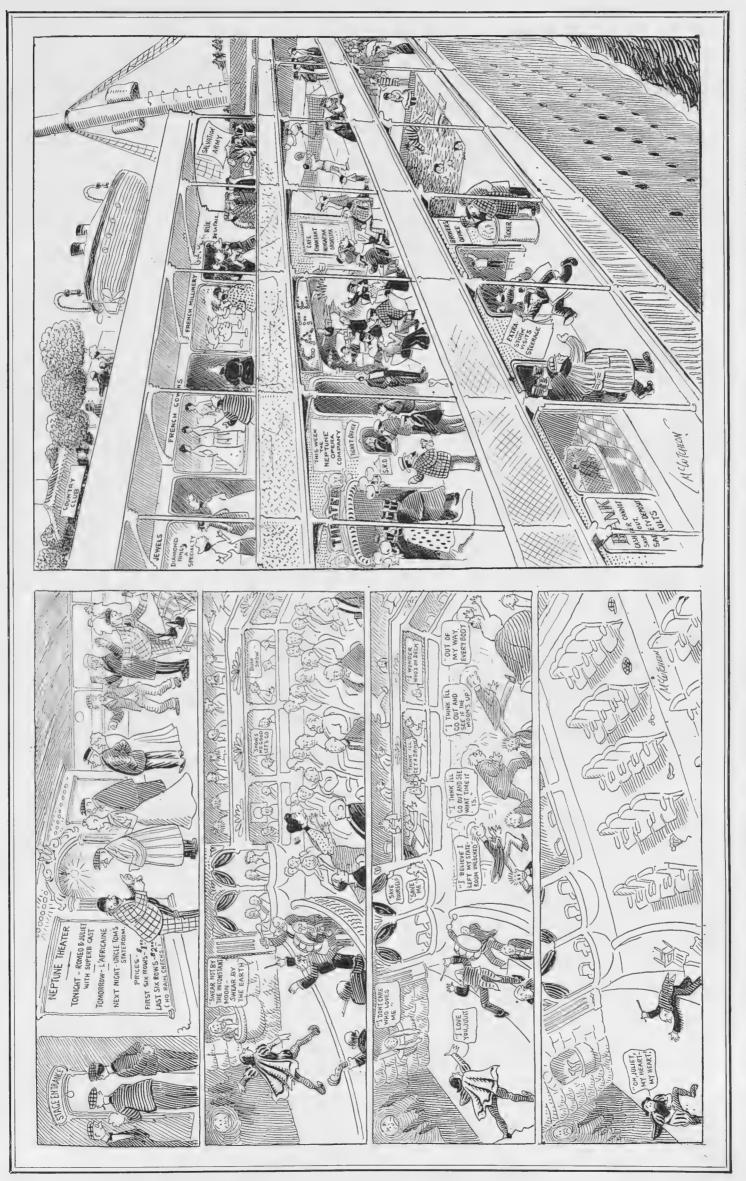
It was a love-letter that lay on the floor, the first words that had caught his attention were words of endearment. It was a packet of love-letters that the wife he had adored had hidden away so carefully. Death had come to her suddenly, or no doubt she would have destroyed them herself. In case they should ever be found she had written those words, "To be burnt unopened."

"Felicity!—You!" he murmured brokenly; all the world might have been false, but he would have sworn that she was true. Everything seemed crumbling about his ears; he did not know what to think, what to believe. He writhed in a net full of unspeakable horrors. All he had suffered when she left him came back

[Continued overleaf.

LINE UP FOR THE LINER OF LINERS!

JOHN P. McCUTCHEON, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN HUMOURIST. PICTURES BY FUTURE — PROPHETIC THE THE STEAMSHIP OF



THE SEA.SIDE ON THE SEA.ALL THE COMFORTS OF THE HOLIDAY RESORT ABOARD A VESSEL,

THE FLOATING THEATRE—"SWEAR NOT BY THE INCONSTANT MOON—SWEAR BY THE EARTH,"

intensified a hundredfold. Then, at least, he had had the comfort of her love, the conviction that in death, as in life, she was his,

of her love, the conviction that in death, as in life, she was his, the hope that he might find her again some day. Now—he lifted his head and looked round. What had he now?

He got up, striding restlessly about the room in an effort to ease his pain. He could not realise the thing yet, it seemed so impossible. Felicity, who had lived by his side three years, whose every thought and feeling he believed he had known. He almost laughed aloud. How he had been deceived! What a fool she must have thought him! . . . And yet—and yet—she had died with her hand in his, her eyes on his face.

If there were only any room for doubt and hope; but there

If there were only any room for doubt and hope; but there seemed none. It was all so fixed and certain. The man who had written the letter-Desmond Blake-was a friend of Felicity's girlhood; he (Cassilis) had only met him once or twice since their marriage. Blake had gone abroad about a year ago, and he had never given him another thought. But now he remembered various little things that confirmed his fears. Felicity had never spoken of him though he was an old friend. Surely that was strange? The date on the letter he held was nearly eighteen months ago, the other letters were probably written about the same time; that would bring them up to the date of his departure. He did not think Felicity could have heard from Blake more than once or twice after he went abroad, or he would have noticed the foreign letters. The correspondence had most likely ceased when they parted. Felicity had not had the courage, or perhaps the wish, to break her marriage vows. She had been true to him in act if not in thought.

But it was easy to see where her heart had gone.

No man would have written such a letter except to a woman who loved him as he loved her. From the first words, "Sweet Heart," to the last, "Yours now and always, Desmond Blake," it was tender, caressing, possessive; he was as sure of her love as of his own. It was an ideal letter, of its kind: it took no notice of the outside world; it never referred to anything or anybody but themselves; it was full of one topic—love. It was such a letter as a gallant of a bygone age might have written when romance and woman reigned supreme and man gloried in love as

"Poor child!" he said gently. "Perhaps it was not much wonder." The handsome, impetuous young Irishman, with all the charm of his race, must have been a formidable wooer. Perhaps it was to her credit that she had resisted him as far as she did. But when one has believed that one owned everything, it is cold comfort to discover that all one has had was

the empty shell.

Cassilis longed to have his rival within his reach, to speak with him face to face. He would wrest the truth from him, though he did it with his fingers about his throat! He would ask why he had waited to love Felicity until she was out of his reach? He had known her first; why had he not wooed and won her then, if he Why had he waited until she belonged to another man? Felicity had cared for nobody else when she married him, Cassilis was convinced of that. Why had he come between them? had asked these questions and they had been answered, Cassilis thought-and the blood rushed through his veins like fire-that he would then take the vengeance that was his due. That was all he had to live for now. He must find Blake, though he were hidden at the uttermost ends of the earth.

Later that same night, when he had come downstairs, a servant came to him with a message. Felicity's greatest friend, a Mrs. Musgrave, had called to see him. Cassilis could not very well refuse to speak to her, little as he felt inclined to see anybody. had been away for some months, and had only just returned. She knew nothing of Felicity's sudden illness or death except what he had told her in a brief letter. She would naturally be anxious for

more particulars.

He got up and went to her. She clasped his hand in silence; his face froze the words of sympathy on her lips, even if she could have said them. He was the ghost of his old self. The tears rushed to her eyes; she could hardly bear to look at him.

"I—I—" she stammered. "What can I say?"

"Nothing," he said tonelessly. "There is nothing that is any

good."

"If I had had any idea," she sobbed, "I would never have gone. But who could have thought of it? She was the last person—it might have happened to anybody else, but not

No, not to her. That was true enough, but why should she say it? It was an effort to him to speak, to give her his attention, and in a little while she saw that he would rather be left alone.

"May I run up to her room before I go?" she said, hesitating by the door. "I should like to see—to—"
"Of course," he said hastily. "You know the way."

In less than ten minutes she was back. He looked up as the door opened, a little surprised at her quick return. He had thought she would linger a little longer in that room—hushed and lifeless now—which had been Felicity's special property, where they had

so often sat together, which must be full of memories almost as much to her as to him. He thought she would have given a little more time and tenderness to her dead friend.

She came up to him quickly, and he started as he saw her

"Did Felicity give you any message for me?" she asked, her voice sharp with anxiety. "Did she say anything—leave anything

"No," he answered, wondering. "There was no time. It happened quite suddenly, you know. She was well in the morning,

and dead at night.'

"But there must be something," wildly. "We were such friends; she would not have gone without a word or a sign. must have given me a thought. You may have forgotten-it would not be much wonder-but try to remember, it means so much."

Her eagerness and anxiety were pitiful. Cassilis would gladly have given her some comfort, but he did not know what to say, his own trouble was heavy upon him. He shook his head.

"There was no time," he said dully.

"I must trust you," she said after a moment. "I can't go away like this." She hesitated, as though not knowing how to begin. "There was something I had to do, a promise I had to carry out!" She stopped and went on hastily. "I looked in her desk just now; it was empty, everything had been turned out. Did you find it—a little packet in a secret drawer? What have you done with it?"

She stretched out her hands as though she would take it from

him.
"A packet in a secret drawer?" he repeated.
"impatiently. "It has gone. W "Yes—yes," impatiently. "It has gone. What have you done with it? Speak."

"I burnt it," he said slowly. She turned away with a little

"How dared you?" she said, with sudden passion. "It was not yours. How dared you do it? Couldn't you wait a little? I came What as soon as I could—we have only been back a few hours.

right had you?"

"What right?" he said, turning on her fiercely. "You can ask that—you who know? Have you no shame—no pity for her memory that you drag her secret to light? I would never have spoken of it, only to the man—her lover—and he would have died in the same hour. But you, who were in league with her, who helped her, no doubt—you have the effrontery to come here and call me to account." His eyes flamed. "You dare to ask me by what right I burnt those letters-Blake's love-letters to my wife? Are

"I—I——" she stammered, shrinking back from his white-hot wrath—"I don't understand." But he did not hear.

"It must have been you who led her astray," he went on, his self-control gone, "who put such ideas in her mind. She would never have done such a thing of her own accord. She was too young, too innocent. No doubt you told her it was a fine thing to have such a lover—that all the world did it. You made light of everything. But you shall tell me where he is," wildly. "You don't leave this house until you do. So much you shall pay me back."

He flung himself before the door as she turned away.
"I made a mock of everything—yes," she said slowly. "Don't you know what it means when a woman does that?... So you think Desmond Blake was your wife's lover?" looking him straight in the face.

"What else can I think? I read one letter; it was more than

enough. It is too late to try and shield her now.

"It is not wise of me to tell you, I am putting my honour in your hands—you can go to my husband and ruin me if you like—but Felicity wouldn't rest quiet in her grave if I let that lie pass. . . . Fool! Don't you know when a woman loves you? Desmond was my lover—mine!—mine!" Her voice rang with a "Felicity never looked at any triumph that beat down all the fear.

man but you."

"What?" he cried hoarsely, catching her by the arm.
don't understand. For God's sake, don't trifle with me. I been in hell-you don't know what I have suffered. If this man was nothing to my wife, how did his love-letters come in her desk?

Why did she guard them so carefully?"

"For my sake—for me. I did not dare to keep them myself—you know what my husband is—but I could not bear to destroy them; they were all I had. I could come and look at them here—read and kiss them sometimes. Felicity was so happy herself that she had pity on me. I begged her to keep my secret, and she did. She promised that the letters should be buried with me when I died; but," sadly, "she has gone first, and I have lost my best friend. I am sorry you should have been made unhappy because of me; but you ought to have known."

He did not answer—perhaps he did not hear; and she went softly from the room. Then he lifted his wet face from his hands. "Thank God!" he said. "Thank God!"

THE END.

BY "SKETCH" HUMOURISTS.



The Sportsman (on his way to the river and able to think of nothing out angling): Mornin', cock-bird ! Findin' any decent bait ter-day ?

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



THE Missus (at the stair-head, conscious of crashes, but unable to see the cat below). That's right, John, smash up the home-and don't you dare to lay the blame on dear Tabby again!

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.



The FAT Traveller (after a good half-mile sprint): I can't go another yard, old man. Go on and leave me.

The Thin Traveller: What! Desert a friend! Never!—Besides, he won't be hungry when he's eaten you.—[Drawn by C. L. Vicary.]



SLOTHFUL SAMMY: I want six penny sheets o' sandpaper, three pennorth o' brickdust, six pennorth o' spirits o' salt, a pennorth o' pummystone, a pound o' soda, free bars o' yellow soap, an' a chisel.

The Small Boy: Coo! Bill! D'y'ear that—'e's goin' ter 'ave a bath.

Drawn by H. M. Hemsley.

PLANING THE PLANET: HIS HIGHNESS THE AVIATOR IN FLIGHT.



A TOUR-DE FORCE: SEEING THE SIGHTS OF PARIS.

If things go on as they do now, and if the Moissants of this world increase in numbers, we may see the tourist of the future flying from sight to sight, and taking an airman's-eye view of the world. Our picture shows Paris. It is composite; that is to say, it is made up of a photograph taken from a balloon, at an altitude of 450 metres (about 1487 feet), and a drawing of a Wright aeroplane. We print it to give the general reader an idea of how a great city appears to the airman while flying.

keep in repair all machinery bought for

common use, and to draw the lots that should decide the order in which the joint

proprietors should use their purchases; but he found it quite impossible to effect any change in old-time methods. Another tried

to organise a motor-van service for a group

of farmers, and was able to show that it would bring about considerable saving in the cost of marketing produce; but the

farmers proved quite unable to agree to combine, though they listened attentively to

the expounding of the

theory, and agreed that there might be something in it. The

truth seems to be that

every farmer's land is

treated after its tenant's own fashion, each of

his fields has a person-

ality known only to him and to those who

labour for him, and from this view of his

land he has learned to

regard both methods and produce as some-

thing equally personal. He believes with a

perfect faith that only

his own methods can

raise a crop, and that only he can market

what is grown.

HE landowner who looks for the bulk of his autumn receipts to the rents that will be paid at Michaelmas, is decidedly more cheerful than he was a year ago. In the latter part of August 1909 the prospects were dismal. After a wet June, that played havoc with hay and partridges, he had to face a dripping August and a bad September, the rain falling on corn that had not been properly ripened, because the sun had seemed to have some engagement that took it beyond this planet's reach.

There have been better summers than 1910 has shown us, but there will be some ripe corn, even if there are few young partridges, and farmers in most parts of the country will not only be able to pay their rents, but will have something over for the service of the land and for winter keep. In these days, when taxation, to put the matter mildly, does not err on the side of forgetfulness, the importance of a quickly gathered harvest is not to be gainsaid, and many landowners look with something like dismay upon the wretched out-of-date machinery with which the most of their tenants labour. American and Canadian inventions have gone far of late years to revolutionise the farmer's labours: with

the aid of up-to-date labour-saving appliances, it is easier to take the harvest of a thousand acres than it is to gather by hand the produce of a hundred. But the modern machinery is very expensive; there does not appear to be any association that will sell the more costly pieces on the hire system, and combination between farmers to secure a coveted piece or pieces for common use seems, unhappily, in nine-teen cases out of twenty, to be quite out of the question.

The scythe is still used by some small

farmers to-day well

THE EARL OF LO
within fifty miles of
London, and though many have locked up several hundreds of pounds in machinery, few will take the trouble to see that it is kept properly oiled and in good condition, though the work involved would not cost more than a few shillings annually, and could be done in bad weather, when men cannot get on to the land, and would save pounds in harvest-time.

During the beginning of the harvest now in progress I rode across a considerable extent of country, and at nearly every

blacksmith's forge found machines waiting two, three, four deep for his attention. Something had gone wrong with costly implements that had been left under a shed all the winter, and had found time to get thoroughly rusty. Being out of condition, a small strain had set something amiss, and when that happened several men would doubtless be left in comparative idleness for hours on end while the blacksmith did his hours on end while the blacksmith did his simple best. The odd part of it is that farmers know their harvest-time comes; it cannot

take them by surprise. They see the corn ripening, and can tell some days before the work begins when it is likely to start. One would think, then, that they would send their machinery to be overhauled thoroughly in June, or even in July: that they would not face their ripened crops and the tricky August weather with something that may



DIPLOMATIC SERVICE:

Lord Savile, who is the second Baron, served for some years in the Diplomatic Service, and at the For-eign Office, retiring in 1889.

VERY LIKE HIS BROTHER: THE

HON. LANCELOT LOWTHER.

Agents and owners of modern machinery and artificial manures have told me strange stories of the difficulties with which they have been called upon

to contend at agricultural shows. Some have said that mere showing would have been a failure but for competitions and gratuitous exhibitions of what their goods could do: The difficulty before the landowner who depends upon his rents for a living is a very real one. Naturally, he has great respect for the men who, with their forebears, have been tenants of his family for generationsmen who work hard, live honourably, and pay their way. But if he is interested in agriculture, he cannot help seeing that it is becoming, in the hands of up-to-date farmers, almost an exact science, and that the output and value can be

enhanced to a very large extent by those who will keep abreast of the times, use proper means of cultivation, and admit modern machinery to their councils. He can hint, suggest, advise, offer, if his means permit, to bear the brunt of an initial experiment; but he cannot overlook the fact that his chances of getting a favourable response to his efforts are small, and that if the favourable response came and a new experiment failed, he would be compelled for all future time to hold his peace. - MARK OVER.

AN ALL-ROUND SPORTSMAN:

GROUSE: LORD LONSDALE AND SOME OF HIS PARTY.

Lord Lonsdale is one of the most sporting, as he is one of the most popular, of the members of the Upper House, and there are few things of a sport-ing nature that do not appeal to him and claim his patronage.

Photographs by Sport and





MR. SPEAKER . THE

LOWTHER,

The Speaker is the eldest son of the Hon. William

Lowther, brother of the third Earl of Lonsdale and

uncle of the present Earl.

W.

RIGHT HON. J.

THE MOST SPORTING OF HOSTS: THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

break down at any moment, and, in point of fact, seldom fails to do so. Year after year the same troubles arise, but there is no attempt to guard against them; and it is not well to tell a farmer how to carry on his business, even if he be at once a tenant and a friend. He is too well satisfied that only a farmer understands farming.
Friends and acquaintances of mine have

made some determined efforts in the past few years to develop co-operation among their tenants. One offered to house and

FORMERLY OF THE LORD SAVILE.



By HENRY LEACH.

some mutual sympathies,

including golf. I have been in the way of talk-

ing to him about his

expeditions and his prospects of reaching

the Pole, which, it has

been suggested, is really

the guide-post at a very long blind hole, the teeing-ground of which is in South America and the putting-green in Austra-* lia. One day, when we sipped some tea, down

in his cabin on the Terra

Nova, just before she left the Thames, we spoke of Antarctic golf, and I

gave him certain recom-

mendations as to balls for which he thanked He thought they ought to take some white

balls as well as red ones. I said I hoped

they would have some

very good games, and he answered that they

thought they would, and that some members of

the expedition were look-

ing forward to getting

their handicaps down as the result of the study of a little work I had given

to the ship, and also as

the result of practice un-

der difficult conditions.

which is always good for your game. Then

he mentioned that, when

they last went in the

direction of the Pole. they had some golf out there, and probably the

Discovery expedition had

the record for farthest

South in golf. His old

Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N., and I Golf at the South were good friends when he left England in the Pole. s.y. Terra Nova, bound for the Antarctic regions and hoping to get to the very Pole itself, as I believe he will.

came in contact many years ago when first he determined to travel Polewards. We



TO MEET MISS CECILIA LEITCH IN A SEVENTY-TWO-HOLE MATCH: MR. H. H. HILTON, THE AMATEUR AND OPEN EX-CHAMPION,

As a test of what handicap a first-class amateur golfer As a test of what handicap a first-class amateur golfer can concede to a leading lady player, Mr. H. H. Hilton, the Amateur and Open ex-champion, and Miss Cecilia Leitch, the famous young Silloth player, have agreed to meet in a match of seventy-two holes, Mr. Hilton giving a half. The first thirty-six holes will be decided at Walton Heath, on Tuesday, October 11, and the second thirty-six at Sunningdale, on Thursday, October 13. Some years ago, Mr. Hilton met Miss Rhona Adair and Miss May Hezlet on the same thandicap terms, and was generally successful. A silver cup will be presented to the winner of the forthcoming match.

Photograph by Sourt and General.

Photograph by Sport and General.

henchman, Lieutenant Royds, he thought it was, had done some quite good things with his irons out there; but they had found that the atmospherical conditions had had peculiar effects upon the irons, and he believed they had even broken in play. Antarctic golf was clearly different from any other. "You see," he said, "putting, after all, is one of the chief features of golf, and we can't get any decent putting-greens out there on the snow." I agreed that it was unfortunate, but thought they might, after do some good driving, and surely they might get an old sail or two, or something of that kind, and spread it out, with a hole in the middle of it, and call that a putting-green. The ball would run along it quite well, and it seemed to me the putting would be as tricky then as it is at St. Andrews after a month of drought and burning sun. Yes, he thought there was much in that.

So here is another record in golf by way of On the Hills being broken. I did not hear that Peary played any of the old game when he was up North, Above. and I have an idea that it is no use taking clubs higher in those parts than the middle of Norway and Sweden, although a course

was once extemporised in Iceland by some friends of mine. But we really play golf everywhere now, on the hills above and in the valleys far below. There is a course at Gulmark, in India, which is 8500 feet above the sea-level. But that is really nothing compared with the height at which the game has been played, for Sir Frederick Adair, long years ago, was crossing the passes into Thibet with a little band of followers when, at a height of something above sixteen thousand feet, he came upon a nice piece of lawn-like land which looked as if it were meant for a golf-course, and, having a driver and a putter with him amongst the impedimenta, he pitched his camp there, made a hole, and held a competition straight away, which was won by one Sekour Khan, who did a very pretty 5. have no doubt that young and keen engineers have, in some odd moments, practised putting, or pretended to, at the bottom of coal-mines; but there is no record of the game being played below the surface of the earth as seriously as Sekour Khan played it, unless you would call a cellar below it. I know a man who practises swings in such a place, having been banished from the drawing and other rooms on account of the disturbance that he created.

Thibet and

The mention of Thibet reminds me that last China.

China.

China.

China.

The mention of Timber felimints like that last summer I was playing somewhat with a young officer just home on leave from India, who happened to be one of Younghusband's expedition that went into Lhassa. I said to him, "Of course, you had a game there?" not

seeing that it mattered that the Lhassians knew nothing about us and our games, and kept the city as a very much reserved kind of place. He answered, "Oh, certainly!" I ventured, "I suppose you had a championship there?" "Something of the kind," he replied. "Anyhow, I won." That seemed to be the chief thing;

he won at Lhassa, where other men had never played before. He told me later, when we were dawdling over the port at dinner that night, that they made a few holes in one of the streets there, and banged away at those, and really rather enjoyed it. There is something uncommonly queer about the idea of playing the game at Lhassa, and I think that is why he hesitated about telling me details until his morning seriousness had given way to evening complacency. Fancy, Lhassa and the South Pole! And here now before my eyes are letters that I received last year from my poor dead artist friend, the great Tom Browne, dated from Peking and Tien-Tsin, in which he told me of the golf he played there. "At Tien - Tsin," he wrote, "we played on a flat plain covered with Chinese graves. Chinamen plant their graves anywhere that suits them. The balls bounce off these graves at rightangles. The club can remove any of these graves by buying them at four



TO MEET MR. H. H. HILTON IN A SEVENTY-TWO-HOLE MATCH: MISS CECILIA LEITCH, OF SILLOTH. Photograph by Sport and General.

taels a coffin. The natives then take the coffin away and bury it somewhere else, and the grave is then flattened down. Very often the mound falls to pieces after heavy rains and exposes the coffin."
Poor old Tom! I have an idea that those games he played in China among all the coffins were the last games of golf he ever did play

THE WHEELAND THE WING

A New Tube and Rim.

Fortunately for the motorist, in no department of automobilism are invention, development, and improvement proceeding faster than in

and Rim. and improvement proceeding faster than in respect of the wind-shod understandings of our cars. For instance, the new Margetts "sectional" tyre, which has just, so to speak, "come to town," apparently represents the greatest revolution—especially in its latest form—yet seen in tyre-construction; and, on the strength of its constructional principle alone, should effect an economy of 600 per cent. in the ordinary chances of road-luck. But one hears of another, not less revolutionary—in the shape of an armoured tread, which, while

armoured tread, which, while possessed of non-skidding quality, is claimed to be lighter than any steel-studded non-skid, and, besides being indeformable, to be renewable, when the armouring is worn out, at the cost of some few shillings, yet leaving the rubber part of the tread as new. This notable departure, however, is not yet on the market, though it may be expected to appear, with all its trials behind it, at or before next Olympia Show. Just now, too, the trial of the "Searle Unburstable" inner tube, together with another

of standard type, entered by Messrs. Hall and Searle, of 6, Livery Street, Birmingham, is in progress under R.A.C. auspices at Brooklands, as a test to destruction. On Thursday of last week, no fewer than 809 miles had been covered; and what adds to the interest of the test, is that the wheels of the car are fitted with "Captain" detachable rims—also under trial—which have been entered by the Captain Motor-Wheel Company, of Marsh Street, Bristol.

The Wonderful Week.

It is almost in the way of platitude to say that the week that ended last Sunday was the greatest manifestation of aviation ever seen, and that to an extent hardly imaginable by the most clear-sighted enthusiast a bare twelvemonth ago. For the moment, and not to obscure the wood by too close a view of the trees, one passes over detail achievements just to envisage the general aspect of the

Lorraine, so far as their recapture by an aeroplane invasion is concerned.

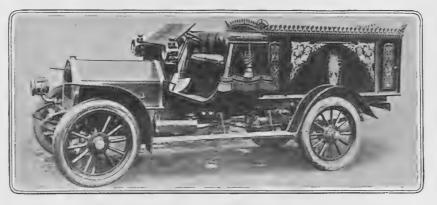
Victory and Defeat. Then we have had Paulhan, victor in the first great £10,000 contest, emerging from his apparent retirement, to compete once more against Grahame-White for the Daily Mail's £1,000 prize for cross-country flying. The scores were first declared as, Paulhan 855 miles; Grahame-White 842 miles, but these figures were subsequently revised. The chief point about Paulhan's achievement is that he had to exceed, in a single day, the performance that won him ten times as much money.

Not less significant, too, have been Mr. Loraine's coastal, over-sea, and cross-country flights, which have more than iustified his attempt — and everybody's expectation of his success therein—upon an over-sea flight to Ireland; an attempt only frustrated at the last moment by the destruction of his machine in a hasty landing. And what shall we say of the Lanark meeting, where, day, by day, every record went by the board?

And the Verdict WasThis, chiefly: that it was a triumph, in the obvious view, of the mono-

plane over the biplane, and yet, in its true inwardness, rather a triumph for the men that were making world's records almost daily on a certain make of machine, which, despite its development, is not considered by some the best of its type as an engineering proposition. Yet we can scarcely cavil at the means, in view of one Englishman's — Radley's — speed triumph of nearly 76 miles an hour, and another (McArdle's) achievement of second honours with a speed of over 72½—albeit both were assisted by a ten-knot breeze; which, taken in conjunction with Mr. J. A. Drexel's even more marvellous altitude record of 6750 feet above the course, and 7500 feet above actual sea-level, not only places the English-speaking race, even with French machines, well in the foremost rank of flight, but must assure the practical future of flight itself to the minds of the most sceptical. Whether it marks the limitations of

the motor-driven kite in either form is another matter with the



ARE YOU DYING TO RIDE IN 1T? THE FIRST ENGLISH MOTOR-HEARSE.

This elaborate motor-hearse, the first to be used in England, is in evidence at Coventry. It can cover 250 miles in a day.—[Photograph_by Bolak.]



HOW THE HEIGHT OF THE MAN-BIRD'S FLIGHT IS REGISTERED: FIXING
A SPECIAL BAROGRAPH TO AN AIRMAN BEFORE AN ATTEMPT TO BREAK
A HEIGHT RECORD.

Photograph by Topical

happenings of international flight. To take events in their order of practical importance, there was the great French cross-country raid—or rather circuit—a l'Esl, which ended in a victory for Leblanc, who arrived first and won the £4000 prize given by the Malin. Both Leblanc and Aubrun, who was second, used Blériot monoplanes. Legagneux came in third on a Farman biplane. Considering that the other starters—only half-a dozen, out of an original entry of thirty-five—were early disposed of by fogs and gales and general mishap, the Germans need have no misgivings on the score of Alsace and



PICNICKING IN THE CAR: THE WIND-SCREEN USED AS A LUNCHEON-TABLE BY AN INGENIOUS PARTY OF MOTORISTS ON OPEN-AIR-HOLIDAY BENT.

Photograph by Topical

probabilities, anyone would say who is aware of certain developments in progress behind the scenes, distinctly in the affirmative. As if the previous exploits of the week had not been sufficient to make it historic, there came, to crown all, the wonderful and unexpected flight of the American, Mr. Moisant, from Paris to England with a passenger, the first ever carried across the Channel. Mr. Moisant's achievement was all the more remarkable in that he only learnt to fly a month ago, had not studied the route, and had only his compass to guide him. His machine was a Blériot: another triumph for the monoplane.



By CAPTAIN COE.

To-morrow will be decided at York who is to The Gimcrack. make the principal speech at the annual dinner of the Gimerack Club in December next. Mr. Hall Walker has almost monopolised this honour—I suppose a nervous man would regard it as a penalty—this last few years, but he does not seem to

have anything in the race this year good enough to win.
the same last year, but Lily Rose
brought off a surprise, and for the fourth
time in five years Mr. Walker had to entertain the Gimcracks and their guests. Mr. John Corlett had some hopes of winning the race last year, but his representative, War Lord, could only run third, and has turned out a moderate horse. I fancy that the race will be won this year by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who has three very useful ones entered—namely, Pietri (one of the best of his age), St. Anton, and Lindoiya. The latter pair have earned the extreme penalty, whereas the best of the three escapes with 6 lb. extra. So it is reasonable to suppose that he is likely to be the chosen one. Should that be the plan of campaign, I think Maher would have no difficulty in imposing on Mr. Leopold the penalty of the speech. I am hoping that events will shape that way, for no one is better qualified to shed light on debatable Turf questions than Mr. de Rothschild, who distinguished himself in the discussion by the Jockey Club on the famous "Three Runs" Rule.

difficulties Many Coupled Horses. beset the punter in his attempts to back winners. Perhaps

one of the biggest stumbling-blocks is the case where a stable runs more than one horse in a race. This is frequently done where there are many owners training in the same stable, and one of the

methods chosen by the backer is to support Soand-So's best. Of course, the best is the one that wins; but the term applies to the one that starts at the shorter price. That this is not always a successful method there have been several instances this year, notably in the Oaks and the Ascot Stakes, and in a sellingrace at Goodwood, A better plan is that adopted by many of the professional backers, who frequently, when unable to decide which of two to support -- no matter whether they are from the same stable or notback the two coupled. That is, perhaps, the best plan to be pursued by the man who fancies that a particular stable with double representation is going to win a certain race and he cannot arrive at a definite conclusion as

to which horse to support. The method of arriving at the odds on coupled horses is as follows: two against the field is at the rate of 3 to 1 against each, which result is found thus: double the number of horses and subtract one, the result representing the odds against each. Whether you take

two, three, or four against the field, the method is the same. against the field would be at the rate of 7 to 1 against each, and so on. When two horses are coupled and the relative odds against each vary and you want to find the price, add I to the rate of odds against each and multiply them together, after which add them together. Subtract the added total from the multiple, and the remainder as against the added total repre-

sents the odds against the two coupled: thus, say the odds against A are 2 to 1, and against B 3 to 1; add 1 to each-3 A, 4 B. These give you, when multiplied, 12, and when added, 7. Seven from 12 gives you 5. So that the rate of odds for your coupled horses is 5 to which, of course, means that you lay odds of 7 to 5 on.

I have received a very Bookmakers. interesting letter from gentleman in Johannesburg with reference to my statement that most of the Tattersall's bookies are cowards, and that the last thing they could be made to do would be to offer a fair price against any horse hailing from a dangerous stable. My correspondent gives me to understand that, bad as things are in England, they are much worse in South Africa. He continues: "What better proof does one need than that the South African Tattersall's Subscription Rooms is a thing of the past, and that the bookmakers have formed themselves into a body known as the Bookmakers' Association, where all betting transactions take place? Woe betide the man who attempts to bet over the odds offered by the other

SEVEN MEN UP ON THREE HORSES, A HURDLE - JUMPING DISPLAY BY THE SEVENTH CAVALRY ON FRONTIER DAY.

bookies! . . . The solution you put forward is the Pari-Mutuel. rather imagine that will be the alternative here. As things shape just now, betting on future events is strictly forbidden on all races here, and also on Eng-

lish events. . are aware, no doubt, that first and second favourites are in great demand here; any price offered you must accept, because it is offered by all the bookies. There are no variations in the prices laid by different men, as in England. If you asked for 100 to 1 about a rank outsider, you would probably be asked if you were all right in the head. You have heard the saying, 'He takes the cake.' Our bookmakers not only take the cake, but also the tin in which it is baked. Before I close, may I ask if you have not some of our bookmakers in your Tatter-sall's?" That last query is delicious. My correspondent evidently thinks that the practice of laying short prices has been taught our men



"COWGIRLS" (WHY NOT COW-BELLES?): LADIES DRESSED FOR FRONTIER DAY. Frontier Day is celebrated in mid-August each year at Cheyenne, Wyoming. It provides a veritable Wild West Show, in which thousands of cowboys and "cowgiris," the champion riders of America, take part. A special feature is made of taming outlaw horses; and the steer-roping contests are also most popular.

by visitors from Down South. I rather suspect it is the other way round, and that the South African bookie has improved (?) on the home methods.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Signs of the Entente Cordiale. There are few things more subtly diverting than to live through a period of international hatred and to see the same nations, in less than a decade, outvying each other in the race to be amiable. Certainly we Britons never, during the last fifty years, violently disliked the French; but no one

disliked the French; but no one can deny that, until 1906, our Gallic neighbours regarded us with anything but affection. When one has frequented French watering-places for many years, the difference of attitude is very striking. Not so long ago, the tension was so acute that chairs were snatched away on the plage by French hands did one of the loathed "Angliches" essay to sit down, while the matter of windows open or shut at table d'hôte led to the fiercest altercations between natives of either side of the Channel. Now, all is changed by a wave of the political wand. I do not know if our French friends really like us any more, and am inclined to think that they do not; but, at any rate, the outward courtesies are maintained. Nowadays, they smile upon our vagaries benignly, affect to admire our womenkind, and will even join in, with temperate enthusiasm, what time a fancy-dress ball is got up, or a shrimping expedition is organised. But the true point de rapprochement is neither games nor amusements, but music.

The Vogue of English Music in

France. Frenchman, like his English contemporary, is decidedly—even fiercely—musical. They are alike in their love of Wagner, their curiosity about Richard Strauss, their marked, but somewhat decadent, admiration for Claude Debussy. If there is but a mediocre piano, the Entente Cordiale can be established at once, and young France and young England will sit down to play duets, with all the good-will in the world. And, just as it is the mode to admire the music-hall song in London, so, also, is it admired by every Parisian who aspires to be in the movement. The cultivated Parisian even goes beyond us, and affects to like exceedingly our musical-comedy songs and dances, which he plays incessantly, and encourages you to believe are tres chic. I do not pretend that the fame of Elgar and Stanford, of Cyril Scott and Holbrooke have yet crossed the Channel, but "The Mikado" and "Pinafore," "The Tiddley-Pom" and "Yip-i-Addy" have certainly done so, and we may

The modern

cultivated young

reasonably hope that our more serious composers will yet be heard at French orchestral concerts. I am informed by a youthful musical critic that German music is "done for"—is now, so to speak, a "back number," so that there is room for France and England to celebrate their Entente Cordiale by snatching the wreath of musical genius from the Teutonic head which it has so long crowned.

Strange Tales of the Island.

Suffice it to say that it lies opposite Devonshire, and that it possesses, as its most enticing attraction, an island which is accessible at low tide on foot. On this island one naturally feels, as an

islander, most at home; nor does the owner, who has built himself a house there, allow you for a moment to feel a stranger on his small domain. On the contrary, if he finds you picnicking on a ledge of the cliff, he will approach quite tamely, take a seat on the grass, and regale you with tales—some grim. regale you with tales—some grim, some comic. An English frigate, it seems, once came to cannonade this islet, which, at the time of Marlborough, contained a fort, some artillerymen, and some extremely ineffective guns. Then it was that the women and girls showed their Gallic valour by carrying the powder and cannon balls, but none of these lethal missiles managed to reach the British ship. Another tale concerns a defeat of our countrymen at a neighbouring place on the mainland, for our troops, it seems, were surprised in a thick fog, and had, most ingloriously, to take to their boats quicker than they had quitted them. This minor victory was all the more to the credit of the French, as the General in command seems to have been occupied at the time in making love to the miller's wife, so that, as your host explains, he "covered himself more with flour than with glory." But more gruesome is the tale which recalls the wreck of the ill-fated Channelsteamer *Hilda* near by, for has not more than one person seen, on foggy nights, the form of a woman, robed in white, sitting, disconsolate, on one of the dangerous, tooth-like our island?

rocks which are strewn all around our island?

The Gay English and the Solemn French.

The French and that we one-time stolid, phlegmatic English have acquired their vivacity of manner, their lightness of heart. You have only to observe the two nations at dinner in any small hotel along this coast to see which is the frivolous, boisterous people, filled with the joy of life, and which the disheartened, anxious race, slightly timid, over-sensitive, and with that curious fear of the foreigner which is so marked a characteristic of the bourgeoisie of most countries, but most of all in

the French middle-class. It is with undisguised amazement that the natives observe the morning gambols—the fearful and wonderful bathing-costumes—of ces Angliches on the beach; and I am not altogether sure that they approve of the way in which their own boy and girl babies—dressed alike in scarlet jerseys, knickers, and caps—frankly fraternise with the alien, divining, with the singular intuition of childhood, who are the amusing people to play with.



A CHARMING SEA-SIDE COSTUME OF NAVY SERGE TRIMMED WITH A LINE OF WHITE BRAID AND LARGE BUTTONS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

The days when British travellers were a dis-Up-to-Date grace to their nation are so long past that we Travellers. have almost forgotten them. A certain amount of the fault was due to uncomfortable travelling conditions. Even now, there are certain railways abroad, to travel upon whose lines one's oldest clothes are too good. On the other hand, most British trains, like those to the North, with their neat, compact sleeping-berths and their speed and smooth running, make it possible to turn out quite fresh and trim at the close of a twelve or thirteen hours' journey. I saw the smart-looking girls that got in at Euston get out at Inverness not a whit less smart and wellgroomed looking. It would be idle to pretend that sleep was as sound and continuous as in one's own bed: that it was possible for long intervals was something to be thankful for. The air and views going up the Highland Railway were so reviving that by the time Inverness was reached we had forgotten that rest was even broken. A lot of travellers and a lot of doggies got out at Perth, more at stations on the Highland Line, and none looked weary, dishevelled, and demoralised, as they used to do of old, when travel was slower and less luxurious.

Transformation. It is not only a case of transformation scenes when we get up to the North, but transformed people. Fretty, irritable folk during the last week or two in London are here invigorated, interested, and happy. They have forgotten the tyranny of silk hats and patent shoes, if they are men, and of the hobble skirt and the wind-catching, half-acre hat if they are of our sex. Here one sees the man quite at his best in tweeds, soft hats, and comfortable shoes and stockings. Woman has taken her frills off, mentally and millinerically, and is far nicer both ways. She has put off high heels, too, and can get about quite freely and happily; and, my word, what a lot of good it does her!

The Call or the Uniform?

When Florence Nightingale, who has gone out from among us, leaving a glorious and a gracious memory behind, nursed the wounded and stricken Crimean soldiers, there was no regular nurses' uniform. The development of her humane and practical idea has brought with it numbers of nursing uniforms. All have a strong family likeness, yet nurses have favourites, and nurses recognise every tiny technical difference. I have it on the authority of a nurse that the dress of the Queen Alexandra military nurses is the favourite in the profession. The women who wear it are a devoted band, ready for service abroad in peace and anywhere in war. Highly trained, hard workers, and loyal souls, they deserve their distinctive uniform, if it is any pleasure to them. Of the ordinary nurses' dress we know that it is considered so seductive that it is frequently donned by those whose nursing skill would not bear a minute's test. Yet the keynotes of its success are simplicity, neatness, freshness, all so easily attainable in every-day dress, all so soon passed over in favour of smart fashionableness that leads us so many odd dances. Nurses are born, not made; but many are just manufactured in order that they may wear the uniform and get the kudos so freely given to members of their profession.

Powder Dry.

These holiday times are trying to the complexion; we are out all day, often in high winds and strong suns. No one should start without a supply of Poudre Simon, which is a magnificent thing for cooling and soothing the skin. It is well, too, to mollify it with Creme Simon at night, or after a motor drive or a yachting cruise. The poudre is perfectly harmless, and is of the very best fleur-de-riz without bismuth. It is invisible, it adheres, and it is impalpable. It should therefore be worn always when out in the air. Soap of the Creme Simon is also delightful to use. As these preparations are made to work in one with another, it is well to use them all, and so to ensure that, however much our complexions are exposed, they will not suffer, but will, on the contrary, improve.

Holiday Prizes.

It is nice to win prizes of £10 10s., £5 5s., or £3 3s.—never so nice as when holidays are over, and when there is a blank to fill and a lot of interests purchasable for a little money. It is therefore a pleasure to announce that the proprietors of that household treasure, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, have started a competition in the shape of a book of views of well-known holiday places; the competitor who puts the largest number of right names to them wins the prizes in order. Each attempt must be accompanied by one outside wrapper of the soap, sold everywhere for fourpence a tablet. The solutions are to be written on the two pages at the end of the pamphlet, and addressed "View Competition," to the Proprietors, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., to arrive not later than Sept. 30. The result will be advertised in the Daily Mail, Oct 31. During holiday time the little book, which can be had from any chemist, or direct from the "Seaside" proprietors, as above, can be carried about, and friends enlisted to help in correct guessing.

GENERAL NOTES.

UEEN VICTORIA EUGENIE of Spain spent, as she generally manages to do, a week-end in London, and attended Mass at Spanish Place the Monday before last. There, as usual, she was met by Canon Gildea, Chaplain of the Spanish Embassy, and Knight Commander of the Order of Isabel la Catolica. The Queen has grown fond of the church behind Hertford House, and particularly fond of the chapel in it where she last worchipped—a chapel designed by Bentley. Bentley's masterpiece, of course, is Westminster Cathedral, which he left unfinished at his death, and which his son, Mr. Osmund Bentley, is now helping to complete from his designs. Another of the great architect's sons is Mr. Rede Bentley, who, having made tyre-tracks in Abyssinia, is about to undertake a motor journey from the Cape to Cairo.

Lady Tennant, like her brother, Mr. George Wyndham—who wrote his "Ballad of Mr. Rook" to beguile a little son's bed of sickness in Clouds House—has written verses, and now she has published them under the title of "Windlestraw." Many of the legends of plants and animals of which the volume is partly composed—half-murmurous of Stevenson's child-poems, and possessed beside of a charm all their own—should secure for Lady Tennant an admired place among the nursery authors of her children, as, in turn, they reach years of rhyme and reason. Even her nephews and her nieces must read her, although some of them, including Miss Laura Lister, the bride-elect of Lord Lovat, might be more properly engaged with Epithalamia.

The English coast and country still has its adherents, although Scotland has done much to depopulate the South. Lord Egerton of Tatton has been seen in Brighton at a season when the front is supposed to be as desolate as mid-August Mayfair; and Lady Wallscourt, Lord Dunsandle, and Captain Dighton Probyn have also been faithful to the marine imitation of the Metropolis. Eastbourne has been quite famously peopled, with the Duchess of Sparta, Princess Frederick of Hesse, and a number of others who preferred sun and shingle to grouse and gunpowder. Aiming pebbles at old Neptune is a far more ancient sport than shooting pellets at game birds.

The Gramophone Company's August list of records maintains its high standard of excellence. Among other attractive numbers may be mentioned: the "Marche Hongroise" (Berlioz), played by the Band of the Coldstream Guards (this is the finest arrangement of the "Rakocsky March," a celebrated war-song of the Hungarians); the "Chanson Bohémienne" Waltz (J. B. Boldi), played by Iff's Orchestra; "The Dear Little Shamrock" (Jackson), sung by Mr. John McCormack (tenor); "Down Among the Dead Men" (Phipps), sung by Mr. Robert Radford (bass); "I've Got Rings on My Fingers" (Maurice Scott), sung by Mr. Harry Carlton; "Chantecler" (Theo Morse), from the Empire "Revue," giving a comic account of M. Rostand's play, in which the humorous possibilities of the famous farmyard drama are by no means missed; and a unique bird record, made by a captive nightingale, a genuine record of a bird obtained for the first time.

It was some consolation to Messrs. Waring and Gillow, the famous Oxford Street firm, to learn that, although their exhibit at the Brussels Exhibition had, of course, been destroyed in the great fire along with the rest of the British section, they had previously been awarded three Grands Prix for furniture, decoration, and upholstery. As they also took the wise precaution of fully insuring their exhibit, they have reason to reflect that the disaster, from their point of view, might have been worse. It was certainly quite bad enough that a structure so tastefully arranged as their exhibition premises, the exterior of which represented an old Tudor house, should have been reduced to dust and ashes.

When the source of an infectious outbreak cannot be traced, few people think of the "clean" clothes from the laundry, but that is a very possible origin. Prevention is so simple and so cheap as to embarrass no laundry in the kingdom, and the housekeeper is the person who has the power to bring about universal practice of the recommendation made by Sir Thomas Oliver, a member of the late Commission appointed by the Home Secretary to report upon certain dangerous trades—namely, that all soiled linen, clothing, etc., should be sprinkled with a solution of Cyllin as soon as received, and all articles, such as woollens and silks, which cannot be boiled, should be steeped in the solution immediately on their arrival at the laundry. If a laundry refuses, the housewife can transfer her custom elsewhere, but threats of a change will probably suffice.

All the world has gone to Dublin this week for the annual Horse Show, which began yesterday (the 23rd) and ends on Friday. The Royal Dublin Society, which holds the show, dates back to 1731, and the first Horse Show was held in Kildare Street in 1866. It was transferred to Ball's Bridge in 1881, and has since been held there. This year, the money value of the prizes offered for horses exceeds three thousand pounds. An Art Industries Exhibition and a show of sheep are held each year in conjunction with the Horse Show. On Friday (the 25th) there is also the Royal Horticultural Show. Very convenient arrangements are made by the various railway companies for English and Scottish visitors, who can cross from Liverpool, Holyhead, Heysham, Fishguard, or Stranraer.

CITY NOTES.

"Sketch" City Offices, 5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.

THIS TRYING TIME.

7 ITHOUT a doubt, August is the most trying of all the months of the year for the Stock Exchange and for those people who are in closest contact with the markets. lucky ones are they who can get away, can escape from the deadly dead-and-aliveness which depresses prices and spirits with telling For the few weeks that the holiday season lasts, it seems as though the House can never hope to be busy again; and to talk to broker or jobber is asking for lugubriousness. Of course, the broker or jobber is asking for lugubriousness. Of course, the inaction, combined with the inevitable dullness of prices, does get on the nerves—rather badly, too; but, equally of course, it is only what can be expected, and what the experience of year after year, broken by a few exceptions, ought to lead everyone to anticipate. However, the House does not like it any the more because of its being a normal state of affairs, and so the long nineteen-day account drags wearily to an unwept end.

CHEAP MONEY AND THE GILT-EDGED MARKET.

The Stock Exchange has had very cheap money for the past three months, and in all probability the supply will be fairly plentiful for some time to come; and yet gilt-edged securities, which easy monetary conditions are popularly supposed to benefit more than any other description of investment, have, with the exception of Colonials, fallen, in some cases heavily. In days gone by the advent of easy money was wont to gladden the hearts of all House men, for given the absence of disturbing conditions in home and foreign politics, it was the precursor of plenty of business and better prices. The last few years, however, a great change has set in, and cheap money, instead of being a boon, would actually seem to have a depressing influence. The records of values in British Funds for the past three years tell us that prices were higher with a 5 per cent. Bank Rate than when the official minimum stood at 2½ per cent. This paradoxical state of affairs seems to have been brought about by various influences, not the least potent of which is a feeling that Perticip Covernment not the least potent of which is a feeling that British Government securities, being out of fashion, must remain so for some time to come. However the less exists. However unjustifiable this feeling may be, it none the less exists. It should also be remembered that, if the speculator of old could purchase the premier security to return him I per cent. over what he had paid for his money, he looked upon It as a profitable operation and held the stock through thick and thin coloradiant. through thick and thin, only selling when money showed prospect of becoming dearer, whereas the speculator of to-day would seem rather to make his purchase in times of dear money, and to get out as soon as he finds a plethora of money likely, his argument being that when the cards are on the table there is nothing more to go for; hence the advent of cheap money often leads to a stream of selling.

WHY HOME RAILS ARE OUT OF FAVOUR.

Because-

(1) Investors are afraid of legislation.

Expenses must for ever mount.

The fear of labour trouble is omnipresent. The motor-car will grow in popularity.

The electric tram and the motor-'bus will do ditto.

There are heavy stamp-duties on transfers.

(7) Brokers charge more on Home Rails than they do on bearer bonds of foreign Governments, which are popular because they pay a fixed rate, with good security:

WHY HOME RAILS DO NOT DESERVE ALL THIS. Because-

- (1)
- The policy of working agreements forbids competition. It must operate in reducing the ratio of expenses. The current six months will show excellent results. The dividend-payers give very fair returns. (2)(3)

- (4) The dividend-payers give very fair returns.(5) There is more scope for a rise than in fixed-interest bonds redeemable below, or close to, the current quotations.
- (6) The inevitable pendulum will swing Home Rails into favour sooner or later.
- The time for a rise is likely to be sooner rather than later.

(8) Trade generally, throughout the country, is good.

BEARS OF RUBBER.

Those who are in any way behind the scenes know quite well that, whatever statistics of production may be forthcoming, there is a respectable-sized bear account in the raw material. Mincing a respectable-sized bear account in the raw material. Lane people, for some time past, have recognised that Rubber has been too high, and when the Stock Exchange gambling spirit died down, they sold bears of Rubber to a very considerable extent, expecting to cover without difficulty when the autumn supplies began to come forward. Speculation is concerned mostly with fine hard Para, and the trail of the bear is seen with clearness in the way that this rubber is maintained at something like eighteenpence per pound above the price of plantation-rubber.

Exchange market, too, has had very decided opinions for some time past as to the raw material being too high, and House speculators have been selling shares in the more popular Companies. Consequently, both in the raw material and in the Rubber share market, there now exists, as stated above, a bear account of respectable dimensions, and those who have noticed how very sharply prices turn when a breath of buying comes in should register a mental note of the short position, as likely to prove of much assistance at the proper time.

POINTS.

The parlous state of the Oil Market is one reason for supposing that prices must be getting near the bottom. When the enormous excess of power-production that exists in a ton of oil compared with that obtainable from a ton of coal is taken into consideration it seems impossible to overrate the importance of oil as the future means of maintaining our naval supremacy, and in the event of international complications the importance of an all-British supply is obvious. It might be well to average British Consolidated Oil at anything like 11/8.

So long as there seems to be this financial trouble in German and Dutch circles hanging over the markets, it is easy to see why prices of inter-bourse shares do not get a fair start.

Of the Rubber shares dealt in by Paris as well as London, the chief are Kuala Lumpur, Malacca, Eastern Trust, and Federated Malay States—the F.M.S. Company, whose shares have recently been divided into the denomination of fifty francs.

United Lankats are tobacco shares and not rubber, as is sometimes supposed. The United Lankat Company sold its rubber interests to a baby, the Lankat Rubber, a few of whose shares it holds. United Lankats are always good to buy on any depression, because the Company has remarkable reserve funds, and its financial position is extremely strong.

A great deal of option money has been given for the call of Chartered shares for the end of the year. Is the long-expected rise

about to take place? The revival in Iron and Steel Companies' shares is not attracting as much attention as it might. Were public interest to awaken, Guest Keens would no doubt improve. The latest report shows the reserve to be $\pounds \iota_{1,200,000}$, and the Company's investments, outside the business, amount to twice this figure. The dividend is

15 per cent., and the price about 64s. .

Textiles have gone up to prices at which they look full high. Coats, at 14, for instance, pay a ridiculously small return, and are not worth the money. English Sewing Cotton have risen with Coats, and, of course, they look much less expensive. Probably Calico Printers are now the best things to keep in this market.

Echoes from the House.

The Stock Exchange. I met the other day a famous City Editor of a daily penny paper—he was wearing a tweed suit and a very worried air—as he came out of the office of certain bullion-brokers. He said he "couldn't make out where all that gold had gone to." (There was half a million, or something, going out from the Bank that day.) He had been travelling from one man to another, he complained, and yet he hadn't traced its destination, and really it seemed to trouble him immensely, for he hinted vaguely at grave trouble that might arise in the Consol Market, as though his inability to put his hand on that fleeting bagatelle of half a million might bring Consols down to 80. Whether or not he found his bullion I can't say, but he is still hunting assiduously for some esoteric reason for the drop in Consols, and every reader of financial columns in all the papers must yield a tribute of admiration to the ingenuity which serves up each day some new excuse for the ever-dwindling prices in the gilt-edged market.

ingenuity which serves up each day some new excuse for the ever-dwindling prices in the gilt-edged market.

If it is not too personal a question, my dear reader, can you afford, in these latter days, to take 3 per cent. on your money? The cost of living increases every year, or oftener. The absolute necessity of what, in days gone by, were regarded as luxuries, becomes yearly more pressing. Additional taxation keeps pace with the extra expense involved by the keeping up of appearances, and other things. Can a man afford to buy Consols, to pay 3 per cent. on his money? The answer is obvious.

The only attraction about Consols is their absolute security. But when such

things. Can a man afford to buy Consols, to pay 3 per cent. on his money? The answer is obvious.

The only attraction about Consols is their absolute security. But when such good investments are to be had yielding 4½ to 5 per cent.—take the case of the best-class foreign Government bonds—how can Consols compete in an age when the rise in the cost of living compels the study of every hundred pounds investment in order that the amount may be laid out in such a way as to bring in the largest possible dividend compatible with reasonable security?

So Consols, it is really not unlikely, may have to come down to the neighbourhood of 75, and India Government securities are already talked in the market to a 4 per cent. basis. Sell? Whatever for, if you are satisfied with ironclad security, and don't want the money? The Consol Market will some day come into its own again, and one of the few certainties in Stoc: Exchange life is that if you stick to good stuff, at some time or other there will infallibly occur an opportunity for selling at prices better than those obtainable when almost every market round the House is suffering from depression.

A friend of mine was assuring me the other day that the finest investment in the whole Stock Exchange is one Savoy Hotel Ordinary share. He pointed out that the Company at present pays 5 per cent, on its ordinary £10 shares, which stand at 5. This, of course, gives 10 per cent, on the money. Furthermore, he told me that shareholders are provided with a champagne luncheon upon attending the annual meeting, and valuing this at a sovereign, the full dividend can be put down—champagne and all—at 30 per cent, on the money. This applies, of

course, so long as a man confines himselt to one share; any increase on that number automatically lowers the yield, because the holder of a thousand shares gets no more out of the luncheon than the proprietor of a single share. I cannot accept any responsibility for these statements, which should be checked with the management of the Savoy Hotel before being acted upon, but if there is a sudden rise in the Ordinary shares on Thursday next, due to demands for hundreds of shares from as many hundreds of people, we shall know what to think. Let me hasten to add, however, that even if such rise does not take place, that does not in itself disprove what I have quoted from my epicurean friend.

Canadas having gone over 200 and Hudson's Bays over 100, some of us can plume ourselves upon the excellence of our highly distinguished and farseeing advice. More important than trumpet-blowing, however, is it to look forward to the next move. To my mind, the Canadian boom looks as if it had more or less run its course for the present season. The spring prospects are not going to be borne out by the harvest—so nuch is almost certain; and there is the increased wages bill of the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk, that may make material drafts upon gross earning. The Grand Trunk, too, has been bothered with its strike, so, what with one thing and another, the outlook is rather filmy. By advancing its dividend to an 8 per cent. basis, the Canadian Pacific would seem to scoff at its critics, since it is most improbable that the rate would have been raised had there not been every reasonable likelihood of its being maintained. Four per cent. on the money, however, is hardly enough when the price of a stock has reached 200—a level which offers an irresistible target to bears; and to sell Canadas, though they carry 4 dollars dividend, would seem the prudent thing to do. As for Trunks, the prices of the junior stocks are very difficult to justify. Hudson's Bay shares are different. With the present splendid Board of Directors, the

that it was Bukit Tins which had been bought, and sold them forthwith at a profit that it was built I may been bought, and sold them forthwith at a profit of \(\frac{13}{32} \), making a gain of \(\frac{1203}{203} \) 25. 6d. gross. And Bukit Woodens have never risen from the day that the client's order was wrongly executed! If you can say why such things happen to some people, and not to others, you might send a line of explanation to

The House Haunter.

Saturday, Aug. 20, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month,

C. J. H.—The Restaurant shares you did well to have sold, and we see no attraction in a repurchase. Anglo-Sumatras you should certainly hold. Strand attraction in a repurchase. A Hotel shares we should keep.

A. B. C.—(1) On any Kaffir rise, Johnnies will advance; but as regards merits, we are inclined to think the shares valued quite high enough at 35s. (2) Ledburys are good, but perhaps you could do better. Selangors, for instance, and Highlands are excellent selections. You may care to buy a few

FLORINER.—Peraks at 9s. 6d. and Sumatra Para at 12s. 9d., or thereabouts, will pay you well, and have good prospects.

Sic.—The Consols question is discussed at length in our Stock Exchange letter

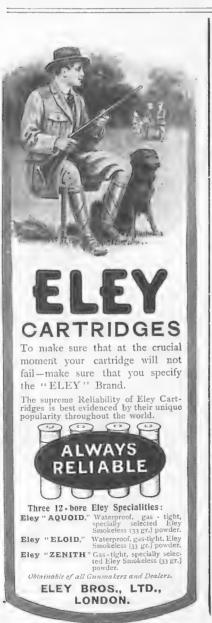
OATS.—(1) We are holding our own shares. No dividend is expected this year. (2) Should keep for a time. (3) Not keen on them.

M. A. P.—(1) Quite good at present. (2) Sorry we have no information. (3) May revive later. (4) Japan 4½ per cent. First Series; Chili Transandine "C" bonds.

DUTCHMAN.—(I) Doubtful if the Anglo-Dutch will pay any dividend this year.
(2) A very good time to average them. (3) The exact issue is still undecided, but the Dutch Government is not likely to proceed harshly. (4) The Special Settlement took place early this month, and dealings now are for ordinary account.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At York, Anchora may win the Ebor Handicap. Other selections are: Clifton Plate, Malwood: Convivial Produce Stakes, Mary Carmichael; Duke of York Stakes, Cardinal Beaufort; Harewood Handicap, Americus Girl; Great Yorkshire Stakes, Rosedrop; Gimcrack Stakes, Pietri; Fairfield Plate, Gog. At Gatwick these may go close: Home-Bred Plate, Oliver Goldsmith; August Handicap, Collegian; Sutton Handicap, Persuade; Kite Handicap, Black Sea.









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CONTENTS.

SUPPLEMENT : Mile. Regina Badet as Roller-Skater-Miss Marie Löhr Looking Boy-like-Mile. Britta as the Serpent in Eden-The Lady of Mystery (Miss Leila Waddell)-A Head of the Profession (Miss Phyllis Dare)-Mile, Jane Marnac-Mile, Lepkowska-Miss Kitty Darling-Mr. Wilmshurst's Type of American Beauty.

PAGE	PAGE	PAGI	PAGR
A £300 Head-dress Worn in Tibet 195	Miss Frances Laidley 204	A Circus Elephant Going to Hospital on a	Lord Desborough 221
Motley Notes 196	Andrew Kirkaldy 205	Motor-Truck 210	The Earl of Lonsdale 221
Wearers of the White Horse: Kent, the	Crowns, Coronets, and Courtiers 206	Little Games for the Holidays-III. Hunt	The Hon. Lancelot Lowther 221
Cricket Champions 197	Mrs. Archibald Weigall 206	the Curate-for Church Workers 211	On the Links 222
The Camera as Recorder: News by	Lady Dorothy Coventry 206	A Sermon in Signs: A Most Moving	Mr. H. H. Hilton 222
Photography r98	Sir Keith Fraser 206	Oration 212	Miss Cecilia Leitch
Bathing in the German Manner 199	Mrs. Dubosc-Taylor 206	Course Boy ! 213	The Wheel and the Wing 223
The Clubman 201	Miss Ida Willoughby 206	The Literary Lounger: "The Little Gods" 214	The First English Motor-Hearse 223
Ernest Barry 201	Miss Evelyn Gerard 206	Mrs. Todd Helmuth 214	Fixing a Barograph to an Airman 223
Richard Arnst 201	Miss Vida Hay 206	A Case for the Dog 214	The Wind-Screen of a Motor Used as a
Somersaulting over Fixed Bayonets 201	Our Wonderful World 207	Weel! Weel!—and Woe! Woe! 215	
Cuff Comments 202	A Travelling School of Cookery 207	A Novel in a Nutshell: "To be Burnt	Cracks of the Whip 224
Bas-Reliefs after Rude: Mlle. de Serris's	Underneath the Liner Olympia 207	Unopened " 216, 218	Seven Men Up on Three Horses 224
Living Sculpture 203	Steam-Roller Pie 207	The Steamship of the Future 217	"Cowgirls" (Why not Cow - Belles?)
Small Talk 20;	A Monster Sun-Fish 207	Ry Sketch Humourists 219	
Master Edward Taylor 204	The Stage from the Stalls 208	Planing the Planet: His Highness the Avia-	
Master Desmond Miller 204	Miss Beatrice von Brunner 208		General Notes 226
Viscount Althorp 204	Athletic Expressions 209	The County Gentleman 221	
The Earl of Egmont 204	Star Turns 210	The Speaker	
Sir Ernest Cassel 204	A New Auto-Tandem 210	Lord Sayile 221	A New Religion x





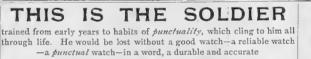
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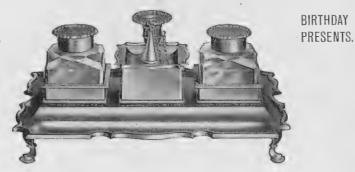
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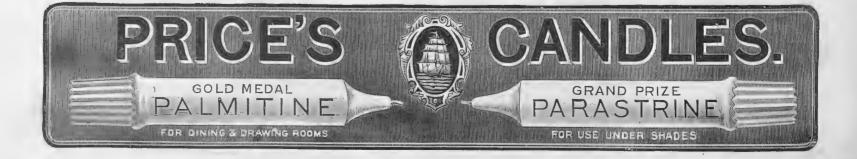
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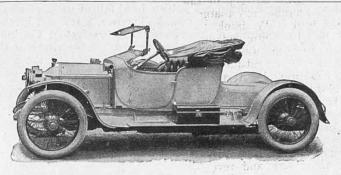
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A NEW RELIGION.

CERTAIN number of literary people know the name of Aleister Crowley as a poet. A few regard him as a magician. But a small and select circle revere him as the hierophant of a new religion. This creed Captain Fuller, in a book on the subject extending to 327 pages, calls "Crowleyanity." I do not pretend to I do not pretend to know what Captain Fuller means. He is deeply read in philosophy, and he takes Crowley very seriously. I do not quite see whither Crowley himself is driving; but I imagine that the main idea in the brain of this remarkable poet is to plant Eastern Transcendental Buddhism, which attains its ultimate end in Samadhi, in English soil under the guise of Ceremonial Magic.

Possibly the average human being requires and desires ceremony. Even the simplest Methodist uses some sort of ceremony, and Crowley, who is quite in earnest in his endeavour to attain such unusual conditions of mind as are called ecstasy, believes that the gateway to Ecstasy can be reached through Ceremonial Magic. He has saturated himself with the magic of the East—a very real thing, in tune with the Eastern mind. He is well read in the modern metaphysicians, all of whom have attempted to explain

the unexplainable.

He abandons these. They appeal only to the brain, and once their jargon is mastered they lead nowhere; least of all to Ecstasy! He goes back upon ceremony, because he thinks that it helps the mind to get outside itself. He declares that if you repeat an invocation solemnly and aloud, "expectant of some great and mysterious result," you will experience a deep sense of spiritual communion.

He is now holding a series of séances. I attended at the offices of the *Equinox*. I climbed the interminable stairs. I was received by a gentleman robed in white and carrying a drawn sword.

The room was dark; only a dull-red light shone upon an altar. Various young men, picturesquely clad in robes of white, red, or black, stood at different points round the room. Some held swords. The incense made a haze, through which I saw a small white statue,

A brother recited "the banishing ritual of the Pentagram" impressively and with due earnestness. Another brother was commanded to "purify the Temple with water." This was done. Then we witnessed the "Consecration of the Temple with Fire," whereupon Crowley, habited in black, and accompanied by the brethren, led "the Mystic Circumambulation." They walked round the altar twice or thrice in a sort of religious procession. Gradually, one by

one, those of the company who were mere onlookers were beckoned into the circle. The Master of the Ceremonies then ordered a brother to "bear the Cup of Libation." The brother went round brother to "bear the Cup of Libation." The brother went round the room, offering each a large golden bowl full of some pleasant-smelling drink. We drank in turn. This over, a stalwart brother strode into the centre and proclaimed "The Twelvefold Certitude of God." Artemis was then invoked by the greater ritual of the Hexagram. More Libation. Aleister Crowley read us the Song of Orpheus from the Argonauts.

Following upon this song we drank our third Libation, and then the brothers led into the room a draped figure, masked in that curious blue tint we mentally associate with Hecate. lady, for it was a lady, was enthroned on a seat high above Crowley himself. By this time the ceremony had grown weird and impressive, and its influence was increased when the poet recited in solemn and reverent voice Swinburne's glorious first chorus from "Atalanta," that begins, "When the hounds of spring." Again a Libation; again an invocation to Artemis. spring." Again a Libation; again an invocation to Artemis. After further ceremonies, Frater Omnia Vincam was commanded to dance "the dance of Syrinx and Pan in honour of our lady Artemis." A young poet, whose verse is often read, astonished me by a graceful and beautiful dance, which he continued until he fell exhausted in the middle of the room, where, by the way, he lay until the end. Crowley then made supplication to the goddess in a beautiful and unpublished poem. A dead silence ensued. After a long pause, the figure enthroned took a violin and played-played with passion and feeling, like a master. were thrilled to our very bones. Once again the figure took the violin, and played an Abend Lied so beautifully, so gracefully, and with such intense feeling that in very deed most of us experienced that Ecstasy which Crowley so earnestly seeks. Then came a prolonged and intense silence, after which the Master of the Ceremonies dismissed us in these words-

"By the Power in me vested, I declare the Temple closed."
So ended a really beautiful ceremony—beautifully conceived and beautifully carried out. If there is any higher form of artistic expression than great verse and great music I have yet to learn it. I do not pretend to understand the ritual that runs like a thread of magic through these meetings of the A.A.. I do not even know what the A.A.. is. But I do know that the whole ceremony was impressive, artistic, and produced in those present such a feeling

So shalt thou conquer Space, and lastly climb The walls of Time; And by the golden path the great have trod Reach up to God!

as Crowley must have had when he wrote-

R. R.



